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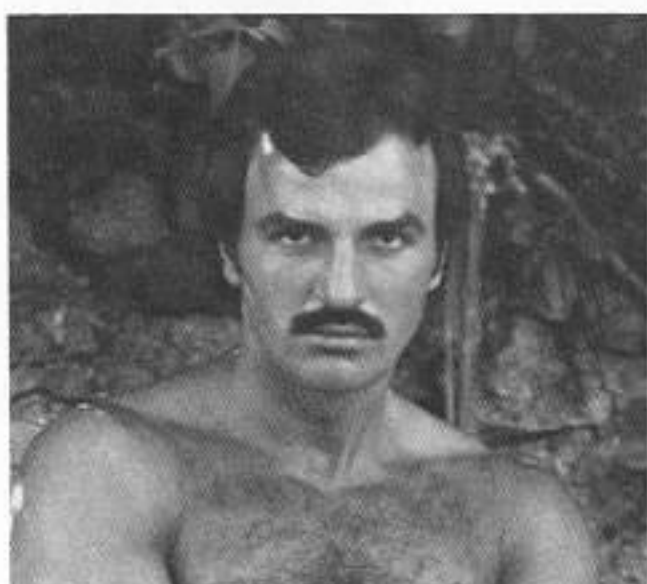
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IN TOUCH



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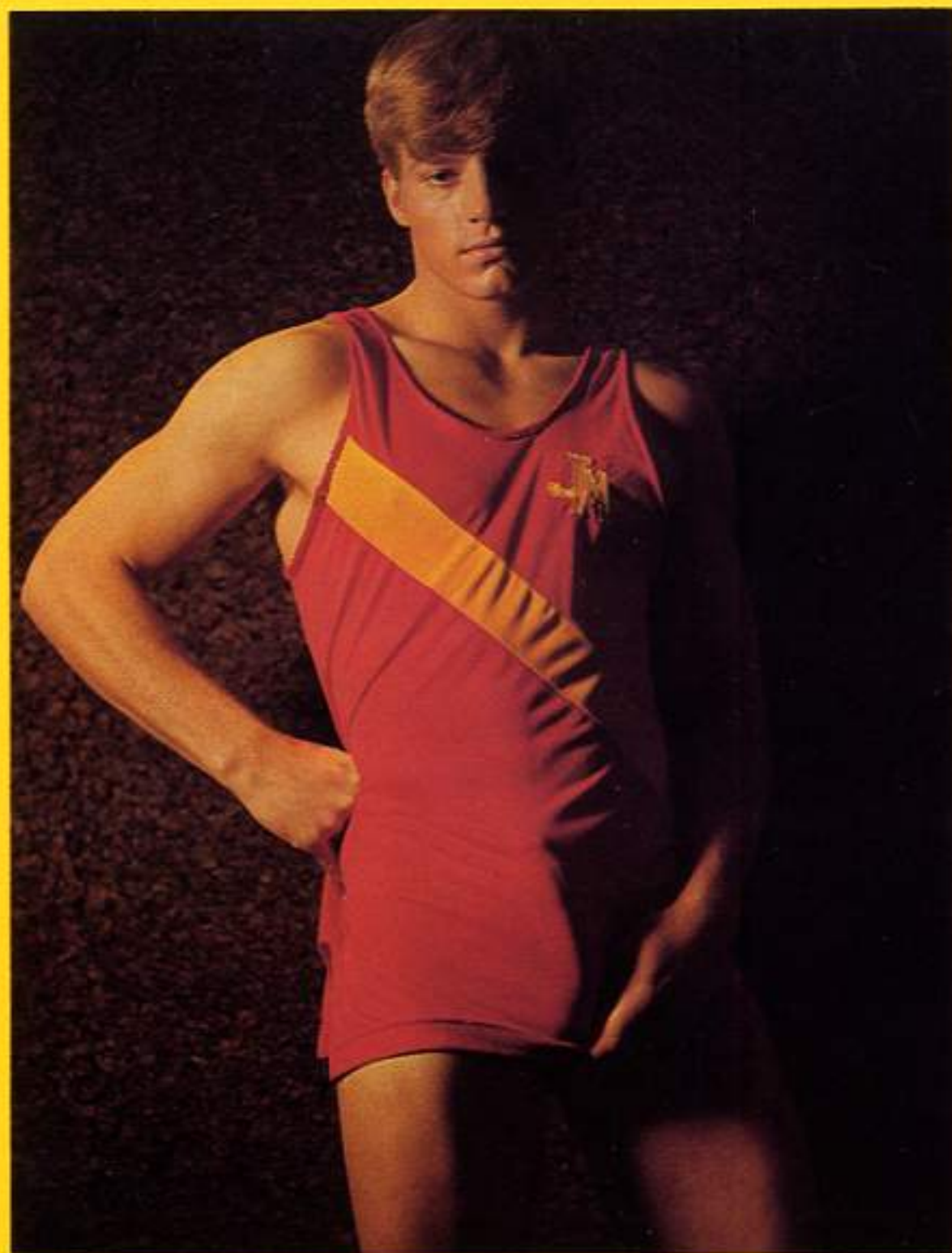
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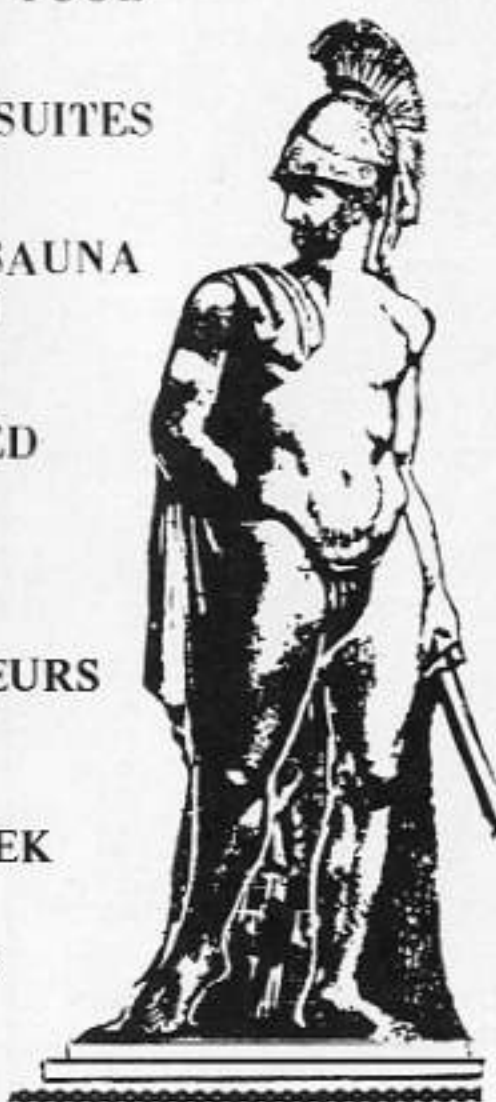
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keeping In Touch



Dear Sirs:

After reading the letter from S.B. in Orange, New Jersey, in issue 17, I felt a bit prompted to write to you and say, "Hey, me, too!" I feel the same way; am getting the same questions as he is probably; but, I am not really even dating and going out with girls. I am living at home and that is even rougher. I, of course, could write you a 25 page letter on past events, my thoughts and my hopes for what I want things to turn out like, but surely it would be not new or even interesting. Anyway, you offer S.B. (and me too) two choices. No. 1 — "Play the game you've been playing and go slowly crazy." (This is what's happening to me now.) No. 2 — "Try for what we call the geographic cure and move sufficiently far away from your parents so you will be able to minimize your contact with them."

Number two would be great and I truly would take that choice and do it, but I am now asking how you would suggest for me to do it? I do not have much money, no college degree, and 5 years of various job work experience, and, I feel, not enough guts to try and move to Philly or New York with a hundred dollars in my wallet. I feel I would — but would want to know I had some sort of job waiting for me. So, my question is, are there any gay services in New York or Philly, or even 'Frisco, that could help a person in my position. I am sure people would want to know of my experience, surely, and I could provide anything. It's just that I want so terribly to leave the area, which is very bad — gay-wise — and find some place where there is an actual homosexual society and where I could be free to live as I feel.

I envy you all out there so much.

You just don't know. Being able to wake up in the morning and not have to worry about what you say or think. You're in another world compared to me. I'll be 25 in September and truly am not looking forward at all to being that old or young and not even truly being able to live my life as I feel I should be. Thank you for letting me ask you my questions and I really appreciate your time.

Sincerely,

Craig Wolf
State College, Pa.

Dear Craig:

You seem unwilling or unable in your present circumstances to be forward about your gayness — which means a lot more than just a search for sex partners. So your options are either to go on pointlessly suffering self pity, or else either to alter your character a bit, or to alter your circumstances.

If shyness holds you back, don't consider it a total loss (many people find it an attractive quality), just go around it. There might be moral advantage in forcing some kind of show-down on the issue on your home ground, but if you still have guilts or uncertainties about your gayness, whatever you say to your parents or friends, it will be those negative self-feelings that will come through.

Preferably you should make the needed alteration in your circumstances. And that doesn't necessarily mean moving to New York or Philadelphia. It does mean finding a few gays with whom you can trade experiences (it's an exhilarating eye-opener to talk with other gays who have been through the same or similar things) so you can reinforce your own sense of

rightness at being gay and clean out the self-doubts.

I'm not sure if the group called Homophiles at Penn State (Box 218, Zip 16801) are still active, or have been replaced by a Gay Student's Union. But check with Associated Students on your campus. There is some such group on nearly every campus now — so if not at Penn State, you can visit at a nearby campus.

And if you find such a group and find yourself falling into the wallflower role, volunteer to serve on a committee, or to help someone with a project, or come right out and start talking about your own problems. If others don't grab you right away and start talking, it's generally because they are as shy as you, so break the ice if someone else doesn't do it for you.

As to moving to another city, there are clear advantages, but first you have to remember that you are responsible for your own survival, so it is wise that you save up money before making such a move, or else make advance arrangements for a job, unless you want to try living on the street. That can be quite an adventure, but for some it is demoralizing.

The contacts again are important. Before moving to New York or to Philadelphia try writing to GAA, 99 Wooster St., NY 10014 or HAL at Box 13341, Philadelphia 19101. They will help if they can, but sometimes they are swamped with more requests than they can handle, and they are volunteer groups.

It's your gay life to live. You can make it pitiful, or joyous and creative — with a little help from your gay friends, who can be found in every corner of the globe.

JK

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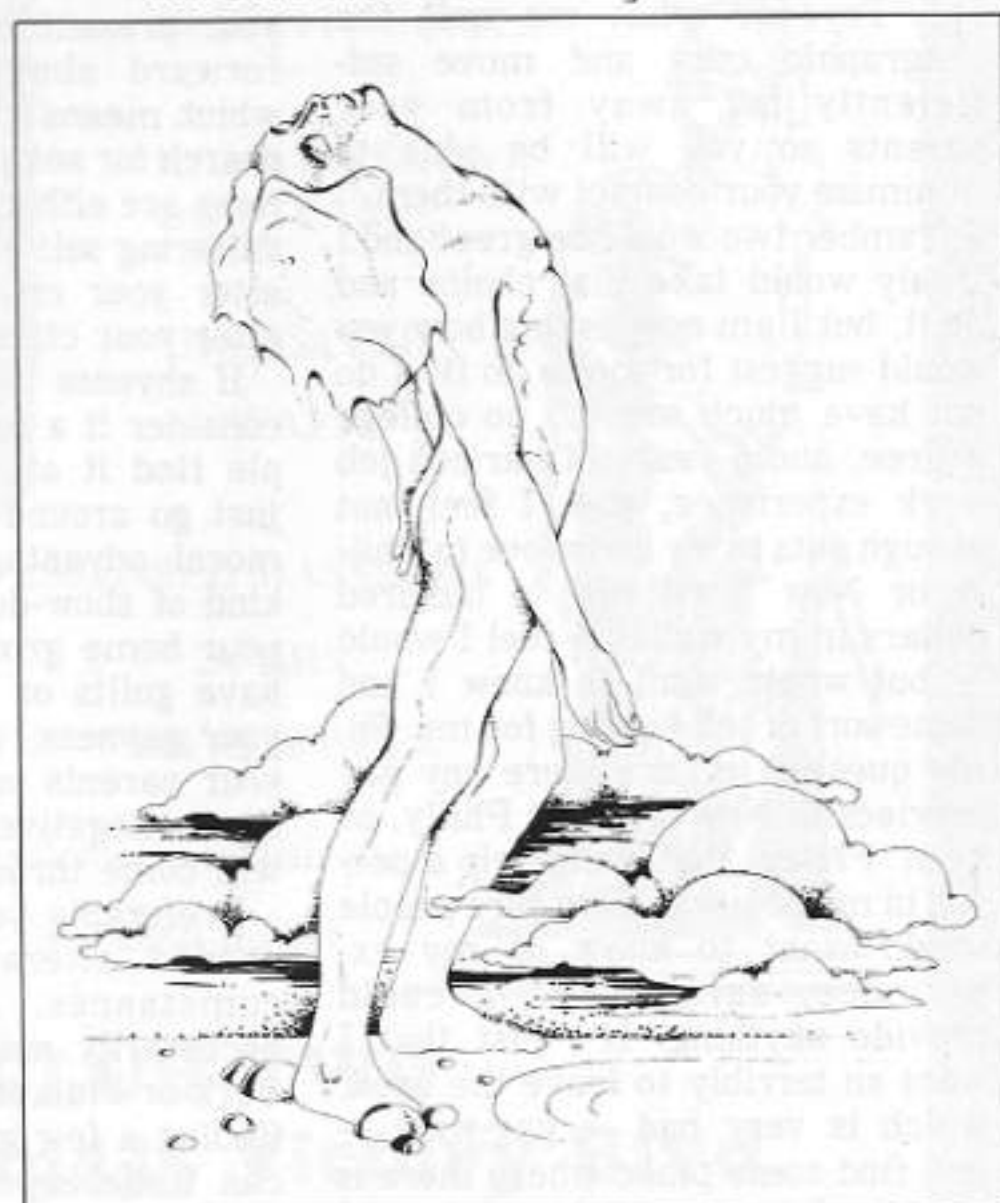
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COMMENTS

YOUR Fate... In the BALANCE

California's Brown Bill passed with a high drama which such sexual law reform measures have generally avoided. We were on the Senate floor the day Richardson and Deukmejian warned of dire effects, the day the state Senate was locked up for seven hours while Lt. Gov. Mervyn Dymally was flown back from Denver to break the tie. We held our breath for the Assembly's reapproval and the governor's signature. We urged gays and their friends to send messages, and Jerry Brown finally received far more supportive mail than was indicated by the early and still-reported newscasts.

Now we face a heavier threat. The "Coalition of Concerned Christians," a posse of assorted Fundamentalists and Mormons, are scurrying to overturn AB489 with a Referendum. Predictions are uncertain but unless these homophobes are terribly clumsy, they should have the needed 312,000 valid signatures by August. That would freeze the Brown Bill, which would otherwise take effect in January, until the June balloting. Many persons feel our chances then would be rough.

The emotion-charged nature of sex law reform gives the fight in each state a national significance which few other laws have. Homophobes believe that AB489 flouts the law of Leviticus and guarantees the doom of this nation and civilization.

Gays understandably resent having such a bill called a "Homosexual Bill of Rights." The Brown Bill

protects homosexual and heterosexual behavior alike, but it is far from being anybody's bill of rights, as Willie Brown himself has often said.

Passage of the Referendum would be a weighty set-back for the gay movement — though it would not be the end of the world. It would test whether the moral revolution we have been talking about is alive and healthy, but it would also be a test of the seriousness of commitment of Christians generally to the principals of liberty, of privacy, and of separation of Church and State.

This is not a battle between the Churches and Gays. Several major denominational bodies either spoke in favor of the Brown Bill, or remained discretely neutral. The right-wing zealots, by trying to superimpose their sectarian morality on others, endanger the religious and general freedom of all citizens, Christian or not, gay or not. These are the men who see morality as concerned only with questions of hair length, porno films, discussion of social problems on TV and of course the very existence of gay people. Watergate, the Viet Nam War, the rape of the earth's resources, the American pseudo-justice systems and oppression of minorities they refuse to see as moral issues. They defame the name of Christ by advancing the very phoney moralism he denounced — and our hope in this campaign is that this will be clear to the main-line Churches and their members.

But this will be a first. The voters

of the nation's largest state are being asked to decide whether homosexuals and others who engage in what are still regarded (statistics to the contrary) as deviant sex acts, are to have the rights of other citizens. There is strong ground for arguing (after the fact, probably) that the Referendum is on the face of it discriminatory and unconstitutional. But we have to face the fight, with all our resources, and with all the unity we are capable of achieving.

It is essential that we not run scared. Some gays are urging that now, wanting us to go back in our closets so that no one will notice us until after the Referendum is safely (hopefully) over. This would be suicidal.

Our progress to date has been made by coming out — warts and all — letting the world see us. Not everybody is happy about the fact that we exist (we've known that for a long time) but the Referendum will not be defeated by silence.

Of course we need allies (we've worked hard in the past to get them, and they did a lot to get the Brown Bill passed, and similar bills in other states), but we must remember that it is our fate that is chiefly involved — and we cannot turn responsibility for our fate entirely over to allies, or to public relations firms, as some advise.

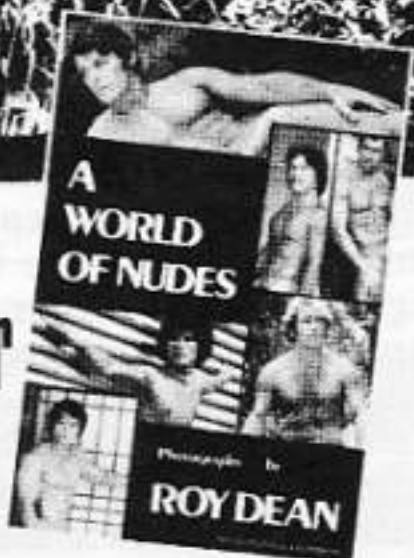
And while we have disagreements among ourselves as to which is the best strategy, let's keep in mind that those who opt for different strategy aren't the enemy

—Jim Kepner

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IN TOUCH GUEST COMMENTS

Editor's Note: Beginning with this issue IN TOUCH will devote space as needed — for reader opinion, as a kind of expansion on our Letters to the Editor and Comments sections. Feel free to comment on matters of concern to you — or if you just want to get something off your chest — holler at the mayor, governor, your senator, or the President — go ahead and scream. It's your right! The opinions that appear in this section or in by-lined articles are those of the author and are not necessarily the opinion of the Editors of IN TOUCH.

Sex, one of the most talked-about and written-about subjects of our time, is still a mysterious quantity which must periodically be put into perspective. Gay people, in order to free themselves from their own hang-ups as well as gain respect in the eyes of the public at large, must be acutely aware of the workings of sex — what it IS, and what it IS NOT — so that we may overcome, and help others overcome, the incredibly massive misconceptions which our society regards as basic truths concerning sex. This short overview will try to stimulate constructive thinking by dealing with two very important aspects of this every-changing question.

I

The main barrier to true freedom for Gays is the tradition of legal restrictions on our sexual behavior. Community regulation of sexual conduct goes back to Biblical times, and much of the present legislation is directly related to the laws and customs of pre-Christian tribal groups. In earlier history, many rules were necessary to assure the small populations of the world that they would not die out, but would "be fruitful and mul-

tiply." For example, food preparation was carefully regulated; also, a high priority was placed on encouraging human beings to produce children — and discouraging any other sexual expression.

But a lot of things have been changing since then. Where once the world was so sparsely populated that a single epidemic could wipe out a whole social structure, the world is now so densely populated that the very numbers of people are choking off other people from even getting enough to eat. Where there once was a need to make sure that every sexual relationship produced children, there is now a critical need to lower the birthrates in the interests of population control and the quality of life on earth.

In short, just as it is no longer necessary that foods such as pork or shellfish be forbidden, neither is it necessary to limit sex to those situations which produce children; therefore, there is no longer any rationale for legislating or publicly regulating any aspect of sex or sexuality. Present laws only inhibit free expression and "pursuit of happiness."

It is generally believed by those who would defend sex laws that widespread corruption would follow the repeal of such laws. But it is only sensible to assume that if sex is not illegal, then people will not be corrupted by sexual thought or activity. Of course, it is possible that people will take advantage of the situation, as now happens with eating, drinking and other "pleasures." But think about this: the only corruption that takes place with regard to sex is in people becoming obsessed with it or indulging in illegal forms of it. Make it legal, and it will become respectable. Make it respectable, and it will become healthy. Make it healthy, and it will be a natural human function, magically losing its obsessive nature. But first we must make it legal.

II

Aside from the fact that gay sex is now illegal, we also have attitudes to contend with, attitudes cast in stone in the Victorian era, and most difficult to break down today.

We must first realize that we, as Gays, even have misconceptions. For example, the suggestion that

sex is the highest and most beautiful form of expression between humans is simply not accurate. This kind of statement merely perpetuates the fallacious and excessive importance that recent centuries have injected into physical relationships. Sex is a basic and animal instinct, and nothing more. As we all know, it is a pleasing activity and as such may be the most enjoyable interaction in which humans can participate, but it is purely pleasure oriented, and when indulged satisfies only the basic sexual drives. Our society has made sex far too important.

The highest and most beautiful form of expression between human beings, then, is an exchange between the parts of them which make them human beings — their intellects. Animals can have sex, but it is the higher communication — that of ideas, emotions, non-animal feelings — which is beautiful and timeless. The sexual drive is a basic need, the gratification of which is entirely possible to have without any human additives: orgasm, no matter how it is achieved, will satisfy it nicely. And orgasm is a simple body function.

Our biggest mistake comes when we confuse the two conditions (sex, and the exchange of ideas), sometimes thinking they are one in the same, both lumped together under the label "Love." This confusion so clouds our minds, as we try to make an animal instinct conform to rational rules and regulations, that the meeting of the minds in ideas and emotions — true love — is next to impossible in our society, and people become satisfied with so much less. (To tie this in with my first point, this confusion of the two forces, sex and idea-exchange, led our ancestors to idealize the situation in which this most satisfying dual-relationship could be found — "marriage" — and then just legislated against everything else.)

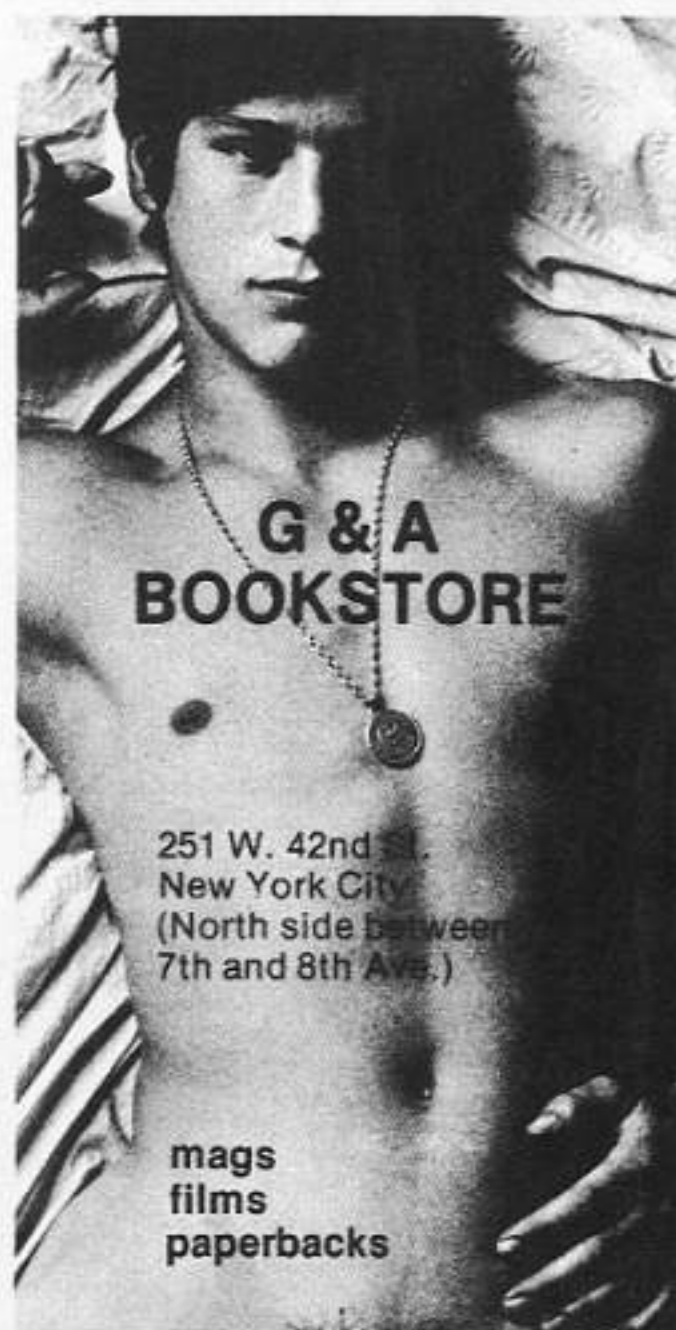
We must learn to separate the two. When we love someone, we have a "meeting of the minds," an exchange of ideas and non-animal emotions. When we have sex with someone, we have a meeting of the bodies, a purely animal, sensual experience. When we have BOTH of these experiences with the same person, we could be said to be "in love" with that person. But the two forces are still separate. This at

last is the only approach which will put sex in its proper perspective. It is a much healthier outlook on interpersonal relationships.

There WILL come a day when human beings will no longer be subjugated by a code of physical behavior. Instead, intelligent beings will be governed by rules of logic and courtesy and human community, and they will engage in sexual recreation freely, just like they now buy a new suit of clothes, or dine out at a special restaurant — naturally!

And sexual freedom is going to happen. With a declining population, education at the "ideas" level will improve and masses of people will no longer need to be kept under the thumb of watchful leadership. If our goal is equal partnership of all persons, with equal education for all and equal acceptance for all educated men, then we can't help but make a society in which the activities and preferences of each person are respected and allowed. It's only a matter of time.

—KEITH SCHAEFER



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RON RAZ for REAL

By DOUGLAS DEAN

Photography by JOHN DAVID HOUGH

He's twenty-five years old. He doesn't smoke, drink, nor use any drugs whatsoever. He's a vegetarian and he hasn't eaten a piece of meat in years. He takes conscientious care of his body and he works out in a gym at least three times a week. He was aware of his sexual proclivities at an early age, but he claims that he was a virgin until he was nineteen. He says he's had sex with only one person in his lifetime, the man who was his first lover and who remains his lover today.

Sound hard to believe? Can this be a true child of the twentieth century? Even our grandfathers led a less virtuous life than that!

But Ron Raz is very much a

flesh and blood human being — a together man of 1975. Everyone who meets him is turned on by his gentleness, his charm and good manners — and, of course, by his obvious physical appeal.

While all around us people dissipate, smoke dope and use poppers (not to mention harder drugs) and stuff themselves with high caloric foods and engage in the wildest kind of sexual activity, Ron stays calm, cool and collected, a model of high ideals, somehow impervious to the frenzy and hedonism which exists on every side of him.

What's even more astonishing is that fact that he does this — he sticks to his firm beliefs without ever becoming didactic, pompous

or priggish about them. There's a serenity in his nature which fascinates people and intrigues them.

His lover is Mark Mulleian, the increasingly well-known San Francisco artist — but Ron, in his quiet way, is coming into his own on the local scene and getting just as much attention as Mark is receiving. (See IN TOUCH No. 16)

They're quite a pair — Mark, aggressive and colorful and Ron, unassuming and gentle and at peace with the Universe. "I don't tell other people how to live their lives," Ron says. "I have no right to do that. But I hope to show by example that there are alternative life styles, even in the gay world." ●



HOW TO SUCCEED

After Really Trying

ALLAN LEOPOLD



Photo by Richard Sullivan

Robert Morse, in person, is just like an overgrown cherub, with large dimples and a beguiling smile and never an unkind word to say about anybody. The only other show biz personality I have interviewed who qualifies for this description would be Tommy Tune.

"You first came into my life, Mr. Morse, many years ago when I met you sitting on the fire escape of the Huntington Hartford Theatre."

"Yes. I was doing 'The Matchmaker' then in the role of Barnaby. I remember I was very pleased that Groucho Marx came to our opening night and he was in the audience the first night of 'How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying.' I made the movie at Paramount after the run of the play."

"Wasn't that the basis for 'Hello, Dolly!'?"

"Yes."

"Who was in your movie?"

"Shirley Maclaine, Paul Ford, Shirley Booth. After that, I went back to New York and did 'Say, Darling.' I played the part of Ted Snow who was based on the character of Hal Prince. I had a lot of fun in that show. Then came 'Take Me Along' with Jackie Gleason, Walter Pidgeon, Una

Merkel and Eileen Herlie. I've been very, very fortunate. Every Broadway show that I've been in has run at least a year or more."

"Very few people can say that. You're extraordinarily lucky!"

"During the run of 'Take Me Along' Abe Burrows approached me in Shubert Alley and said:

"I'm writing a musical for you. It's going to be called 'How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying' and it's going to have music by Frank Loesser."

"You mean to tell me that the part of J. Pierpont Finch was written expressly for you?"

"That's right."

"I never knew that."

"In fact, Abe said he wouldn't do the show without me. It was very flattering."

"I believe you made the cover of Time magazine and you were called the greatest musical comedy entertainer of our time."

"No. It was Newsweek and I don't remember what I was called. I do recall that 'Sail Away,' the Noel Coward musical with Elaine Stritch, was in Philadelphia with us. Everybody was talking about that and it was predicted to be the big new Broadway smash. Rudy Vallee and I and Charles Nelson Reilly were about to open down the

street and we were considered just a nothing show. Who was this Robert Morse and 'How to Succeed?' Now, what was that all about? Well, they soon found out. Jackie Kennedy and all the in people were going to see Noel Coward while us street urchins down the block had to be content with the common folk. After all, we just had people like Bob Fosse doing our choreography and nobody knew him then."

"When I was in New York he was the desk clerk at the Sloane House."

"Really? Well, he's come a little distance since then."

"With the Academy, Tony and Emmy awards, I would be inclined to agree with you."

"In Philly, the song, 'I Believe in You' stopped the show cold opening night. Of course, we were all ecstatic. So ecstatic, in fact, that we were dumbfounded as to why it didn't stop the show the second night or many nights thereafter. Everybody grew so concerned over it they literally worked my tail off to find out why. As a result of all that work, even today, I get all shaken up every time I have to sing it."

"That's hard to believe. It has become the number most identified



with you."

"Well, I stopped the show with it again opening night in New York, thank God, but it has, nonetheless, become a sort of Achilles' heel for me. Every time the orchestra vamps for that song to begin, my stomach kind of turns over on me."

"You did the movie version right after you finished the show, didn't you?"

"Yes. And I never really liked the movie. It's hard to translate 'Succeed' successfully to film and I didn't like myself very much in the picture either. Today, I probably could do more with it."

"How do you think your stage performance compares with the one you gave eleven years ago?"

"It's a bit slower."

"There's a rumor going around that you said you would never direct yourself again. Is that true?"

"Yes. I said it and I don't know how true it is. Let me correct something right now. I did not direct this show. It was directed by Abe Burrows. I simply recreated his direction. I have a marvelous memory and everything came back to me from the original production."

"Didn't directing the show and playing the lead physically exhaust you?"

"Yes, it did. I realized that four days before our opening here. I suddenly got very tired and I came to the conclusion that I had to get on with my own role. So Cy Feuer, the co-producer of the show from the beginning, flew out from New

York. He sat out in front and supervised the last-minute details and the overall conception of the show. He also very carefully lit it. I got so tired that for those last days I had to be excused to go home early and rest. I was so worn out that my voice got hoarse and it took me quite a while before all my strength returned. I'm still not over it yet as I feel tired even now."

"You did some movies after the film version of 'Succeed,' didn't you?"

"Yes, but I'd prefer to forget them. None of them turned out very well and I didn't like myself on the screen at all."

"What were their names?"



"Oh, you are a sadist aren't you?"

"Just for the record."

"Well, for the record, I did some little gems like: 'Honeymoon Hotel,' 'Where Were You When The Lights Went Out?,' 'Oh Dad Poor Dad Momma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad,' 'Quick Before It Melts' . . . stuff like that . . . 'The Loved One' wasn't too bad. But, today, I'd have more of a chance. I could make films that have a semblance of reality to them. Not sausages with schlock plots that go nowhere."

Robert Morse grew wistful for a moment and that sunny cherub look momentarily deserted him.

"I'd like a chance to make

movies again but I'm not so sure that it's ever going to happen . . ."

"Why not? You're a star!"

"Stars are in heaven. I'm not a leading man. I'm not a Warren Beatty . . . I haven't been called about a film in five years. But, who knows? Perhaps I could be the next Rita Moreno. All I know is it hasn't happened yet."

"Didn't you do a television series about this time?"

"Yes. It was called 'That's Life' and it ran for a year. E. J. Peaker did it with me. But, for some reason, it just missed and it wasn't picked up after about 28 or 30 episodes. You never know about those Neilson Ratings. The show was ABC. Maybe we needed primer time on a stronger network. Who knows? It didn't go into it's second year but I didn't sit around and mope. I went into 'Sugar'."

"Now, you're talking! I interrupted. "From my point of view as a critic, and I couldn't care less about what New York thought of the show, 'Sugar' was the best thing you've ever done and your performance in it was, to me, the greatest piece of musical comedy work I have ever seen."

"Sometimes you find yourself in a show where you can hide behind a character and have a ball. That's what happened to me in 'Sugar.' I could be the leading lady and being a woman was no problem for me. I have no hang-ups and I could use mime, pull out all the stops and have a wonderful time. I'll admit,

(please turn to page 71)



SHIRLEY MacLAINE

By LIJ DALVA

Photos & Captions researched by
HUGH HARRISON

STILL ON THE MOUNTAIN



"THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY" (Paramount—1955) — MacLaine had the good fortune to be directed by Alfred Hitchcock in her first film. Shown here (right to left) Royal Dano, MacLaine, Jerry Mathers, and Harry — whose trouble was, that he was dead.



"AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS" (United Artist—1956) — MacLaine seemed to get lost in this big, razzle-dazzle Oscar winning film, even though she played the leading female role. Here with (left to right) Cantinflas and the late Robert Newton.



"SOME CAME RUNNING" (MGM—1959) — Finally! The film in which she first fulfilled all her early promise and bagged Oscar nomination number one for Best Actress. In this scene with Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin. Even with all this stiff competition she neatly stole the entire film.

Excitement and perplexity were the keynotes of the morning. I was about to start the day face to face with dignity. I was finally invited to a press conference. God knows what I might learn from my more seasoned peers! (Little did I know.)

What to wear and what to ask were upper most in my mind. I had forgotten I was starting out with a handicap. "Lay off the gay shit." "Not too much gay crap," I had been repeatedly warned. Nevertheless, there was some reassurance in the knowledge that Miss MacLaine was a very political person and sure to have some great ideas. Anyway, what did they think I was going to ask her? It was merely to be an interview with a very prominent musical comedy star, not an intimate look at the private lives of Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas.

All too soon, I was dallying in the lobby of the Diplomat Hotel, gazing at our star's picture. She seemed so gaminesque and elfin-like, it occurred to me that I might ask her to grant me three wishes rather than examine her ideas and intellect. Upon meeting her this thought was quickly dispelled. She is a very basic and earthy person who makes

sense.

The lady was permissably late, giving all the reporters time to chit chat and speculate. The code of dress went all the way from denims and Godiva-length hair to business suits, and, of course, the human interest ladies in shirtwaist dresses and heart shaped lockets. I felt securely nondescript in overly hot beige wool and spectacles, hoping that I would outlast my deodorant and that my intellect not my raiment would take precedence. There we all were gathered together in this luxuriously appointed standing room in front of an open bar while being confronted with a banquet table surrounded with more than enough chairs and one thronelike placed preponderantly at its head. Everyone was sipping and swapping trivia, supposedly honing our collective wits while waiting.

Shirley MacLaine did not sweep into the room with the grandeur of a movie queen in a thousand dollar afternoon frock. She seemed, rather, dressed for battle in a man tailored khaki pants suit, and walked with an air of authority, yet not distant. She knew what she had come to do.

"Would anyone like to begin?" she asked. This was followed by a

nervous silence during which some tweedy fellow became intrepid enough to stutter out, "D-D-Do you think that McGovern c-c-copped out?" "Copped out how?" she zinged back. More verbal fumbling came from the same columnist. "You're a journalist and you ought to be prepared to ask a question like that. Didn't you come prepared?"

Immediately realizing that she had made the atmosphere a trifle heavy, she answered the half-asked question by calmly admitting that she thought McGovern might have vacillated too much.

"I just loved 'Moulin Rouge,' it was really my favorite," a shirt-waist lady giggled. "That's nice," Miss MacLaine answered, "but I wasn't in that picture." Again everyone was stopped dead. In defense of my profession and my cohorts I blurted out, "I think you mean 'Can Can.' Yes, of course, she did! Everyone lapsed into a good laugh, and some calm cameraderie prevailed as the star got onto the subject of her trip to China.

The commentary was just getting interesting when some well meaning fable spinner who probably writes for the "Head of a Pin Illustrated" abruptly broke in with — "Have you ever been to the

Playboy Club in Great Gorge, New Jersey? It's really just the place for you and your daughter to relax. It's one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen."

"My daughter! My daughter! My daughter has had a very difficult time trying to be her own person."



"THE APARTMENT" (United Artist—1960) — A great script, a great director — Billy Wilder — and a great co-star, Jack Lemmon (shown here with MacLaine) equal another great performance and, a second Award nomination.

She travels to remote corners of the world supporting causes and investigating how people live. And you want me to bring her to a bunny



"IRMA LA DOUCE" (United Artist—1963) — Striking fire again with "The Apartment" group, Lemmon, Wilder et al., she bagged her third Oscar nomination. This time it was back to her well known tart with a heart of gold role that she could by now claim as her own in Hollywood. It was her last smash hit, Hollywood film.

club!"

Somehow sanity once again took over, and Shirley had a field day expounding her views. If you're a liberal, she has nothing new to say, rather a new way of saying it. Particularly if you're not a Nixon supporter. By and large the writers realized they were entertainment reporters and not political polemicists. Although I'm sure that not all assembled shared her opinions she was too forthright to dispute.

The actress's vocabulary ran the gamut from **bullshit** to extrapolate. Her Generic ran as follows:

- "I used to start all my books on yellow legal pads, 'til I found out Nixon did the same thing."
- "The reason Nixon and Brezhnev got along so well together is because they were both gangsters, and gangsters take advantage of people."
- "How could Pearl Bailey consider herself the ambassador of love when she performed so many times for Nixon. Besides when she parades out on stage in her furs and diamonds, she's whiter than I am."
- "I can't think of anything worse, unless it's a picture of Sammy Davis, Jr. hugging Nixon."
- "I have no preference for comedy or drama, and I love every picture I've ever made, even the bad ones."
- "I had to stick with McGovern. Even after the stars ran back to Hollywood and the money ran



"THE YELLOW ROLLS ROYCE" (MGM—1965) — A group of films made in Europe, of which this is by far the best of a bad lot, did nothing for her. All glossy and slick with the inevitable "all-star" casts, they all lacked a great deal in content. In this one, at least, she shone as brightly as ever. Here with (left to right) George C. Scott, Art Carney and Riccardo Garrone.

back to the Bahamas. That's me. I had to do it for myself."

- "I pay taxes in California and get mail there, but I live everywhere."
- "The disaster pictures today are epitomized by 'Shake and Bake' — 'Earthquake' and 'Towering Inferno.'"

She was just mellowing into her reasons for making a movie about Amelia Earhart, when another sage interrupted. "Well, Cancer has been in Pluto and . . ." "Will this take long?" came the reply. "Because astrology is bull and even more speculative and illusory than religion."

I now decided that I had been stifled long enough and that I couldn't ask anything sillier than anybody else. "How much of a causist are you? Do you espouse Men's Lib and Gay Lib?" Her reply was fantastic! "Gay Lib is wonderful! Marvelous! Now if you really want to blow somebody's mind, just bring up the sexual revolution. You know Kinsey and Masters and Johnson and all other reliable sexologists rated heterosexuality on a scale of 1 to 6. No one scored higher than 3, which means we're all really bisexuals."

There was no gasping or coughing, but still the silence reflected shock. The lady herself seemed benign, unleashing that holocaust meant nothing to her at all. The others appeared to be taking a little scathing self-inventory. "Not me, baby." ●



"DESPERATE CHARACTERS" (ITC—1971) — This film was typical of the small but important films in Miss MacLaine's recent career in Hollywood. She and Kenneth Mars (shown with her), demonstrated what good acting was all about but, astonishingly, neither was remembered at Oscar time with even a nomination.



LABELLE *new york* LABELLE *san francisco*

NEW YORK BY DAGMAR

SAN FRANCISCO BY EARL SMITH

“Voulez - vous coucher avec moi?” has to be the only French sentence all of America can pronounce. And translate. Well, almost.

Eyes shaded against the spotlight hitting her, Patti in skin-tight silver outfit and outrageous boots, hair scraggly and drops of sweat pouring down into her decollete', asks her audience: “Anyone out there who does not know what it means? Anyone under 14? Let me see you!” A little hesitant a kid raises his hand. “Come on up here, sugar. How old are you? 14, really!!” She whispers something into the boy's ear. He shakes his head. And rolling her eyes dramatically, Patti proceeds to translate the famous sentence word by word. With a minor adjustment: “coucher” becomes “dancer” . . . and the kid winds up dancing with the three gorgeous members of Labelle, while they roar through an encore of their most acclaimed song.

The audience loves them. Their exciting stage show, the sensuous performance and the exotic and spacey silver costumes created by Larry Le Gaspi, inspiring the audience to come dressed in silver manifestations of their own imagination. Every performance is a celebration.

But it has not always been so easy. I'm surprised to learn, that Labelle has been around for about 13 years. Then they were called Patti LaBelle and the Bluebelles — “often misprinted as the “Blue Balls” and once even the “Blue Bellies” reports Nona with a smile.

They created such '60s hits as “Danny Boy” and “I Sold My Heart to the Junkman,” played the lounges rather successfully, but never had a real big hit. In 1971, Cindy Birdsong, the fourth member of the group, left to join the Supremes.

Patti Labelle, Nona Hendryx, and Sarah Dash, ready for a change,

went to London, where they met Vicki Wickham, a very enterprising young lady, who became their manager. She totally “re-did” the group, gave them a new image and with one big step from the sixties into the seventies Labelle was born.

Nona Hendryx, continues to write almost all of the songs for the group, both lyrics and music — preferably at 9 a.m. No nightbird, that one! On stage she is a real turn-on to watch. Wearing helmets or big feathery headdresses on her shortcropped hair, in super-high boots, she puts her body through some of the most erotic movements ever seen on a legit stage, while miraculously staying aloof and outwordly. Not like Patti, who gets down into the nitty-gritty, looking cool only for about two seconds, when she first comes on stage. In her talks to the audience she usually quips about her “coming apart at the seams” and no wonder: Sarah Dash is the third personality on



stage. She balances the other two beautifully in her understated sexiness. She is the quiet and "pretty" one, her sculpted silver bra worn on nude skin giving off sparks as the lights hit it. ("When I first put it on, I always have to catch my breath, it's so COLD!" she confesses backstage.)

AT THE PARAMOUNT— SAN FRANCISCO:

Bay Area fans arrived at the recently restored Paramount Theatre of the Arts in Oakland knowing what to expect. Labelle was the first contemporary black female singing group to appear at the financially troubled Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. Just like the concert last fall, Labelle stormed the stage and electrified the audience with their energy, gimmickry and glitter. They brought to Oakland one of the finest rock and blues shows this year, and helped to establish their names on the very top of the "up and coming" soul groups.

Although successful now, Patti, Sarah, and Nona have experienced a roller coaster success story during the last thirteen years. They made it, sank, and are now back and stronger than ever because of their experience and training. Like most pop groups they formed from remnants of previous ones. Members of the Ordettes and the Del Capris joined in the '50s rock and roll capital of Philadelphia to form Patti Labelle and the Bluebells producing such legendary hits as "Down the Aisle" and others. Those were days of innocence gone forever. Back then, even the singers thought that a junkman had something to do with collecting trash, and they always groomed their carefully coiffured wigs, wore empire-waisted lame evening gowns, and harmonized simplistic lyrics all in less than three minutes.

Today, the group has no intentions of riding the golden oldie gravy train. They prefer songs written by the Rolling Stones, Carole King and most especially Nona whose contributions fill most of their "Pressure Cookin'" album.

Under the careful directions of their British manager, Vicki Wickham, the girls have emerged with a new, high-energy style shifting from hands-clapping soul to revolutionary blues while always pushing the pace forward by communication with the audience. Luminous costuming heightens the theatrics of the show, adding luster and brightness to spectacular entrances and exits. The whole combination of volume, flash and imagery places Labelle in the forefront of innovation that captures our attention, sometimes throwing crowds in a frenzy as they scream for more ceremony . . .

All of the women are at their best pouring both heart and voice into the rhythms and harmonies of songs like "I Believe That I Have Finally Made It Home" where each girl can command the lead while the remaining — two counterpoint parts. The song cooks because they're so hot. They expressed what we feel and understand but cannot express ourselves. Patti manages to sometimes lie on the stage in contortions of self-expression stretching for rafters and whaling, then suddenly jump to her feet and blend with the others in reserved control and self-assurance.

The air flashes with excitement as their costumes, movements and material work magic while singing "Touch Me All Over" and "Lady Marmalade" which pays tribute to a bold Creole hooker who gleefully asks her prospectives, in French of course, if they would like to sleep with her tonight. Patti teases her fans as she saunters towards the front row and sashays by their outstretched arms which only makes them cry for more. Nona and Sarah each take their turn to tease as well as to demonstrate their versatility and individual talent. The total never suffers because one knows how to support the other.

Keep your eye on Labelle. San Francisco loved them, and enjoyed watching each other watch them. The entire evening was festive, light and amusing. Watching the audience alone was worth the price of admission. If Labelle visits your city, make an effort to see them — and wear something silver and shiny. It'll turn them on even more.

THE LADIES... HIP!

By HUGH HARRISON

It's about that headline in a prominently featured, front page article in the famous show-biz newspaper, Variety. It read something like this: "GAYS CONTROL NIGHTCLUB ENTERTAINMENT".

Now, for those of you who are into such things as bi-chic, that little bit of news should come as no surprise at all. With the rise and thundering success of such places as Reno Sweeney's and The Brothers And Sisters in New York and the rapid climb of the equally hip and far-out Studio One, here in Los Angeles, it is very clear that bi-chic is, indeed, at last, truly chic.

Admittedly, it has taken a while longer to get this movement to the West Coast, which is a bit surprising since the rise of gaydom's latest fads seems to be so easily blamed on this sunny Sodom. Still, if you've been watching the California scene closely — for that matter you needn't have watched it all that closely — you must have noticed a slight chill in our warm air, not at all unlike that of Autumn in New York.

What has brought all this on? Simple, a collection of ladies, usually known to only the most hip in the chi-chi New York set. But, don't let that put you off, they, unlike many of the Big Apple's latest fads, do have something worth seeing and hearing. In fact they've all lasted much too long to be classed as fads, anyway. As was pointed out in the Variety story, all those self same people who do all that controlling of nightclub talent . . . that's us, folks . . . seem to prefer the ladies. If that surprises you, then stop a second and think of Judy and Marlene and Belle and Barbra. Far from being self defeating, this new trend has all the entertainment industry watching the latest followings with anxious anticipation. Not only are new stars being born, like Sally Kellerman and Bernedelle Peters, but some the industry declared dead, like Chita Rivera, are finding devoted new followings and a whole slew of sagging careers are being rescued. The most important thing that's come out of this movement, though, is an entire group of lady performers . . . some of whom are almost totally unknown, except to the very hippest of fans . . . are beginning to develop a real following. They are branching out from the comforts of familiar New York and venturing out to the wilds of the West Coast, to great success. Hence, that chill in the air feeling you may have noticed on our warm, balmy nights.

Let me re-aquaint you with a few of those who have found a new way to go and, perhaps, introduce you to a few of those who are not so well known but should, most assuredly, be known to you.

PEGGY LEE . . . HIP

There isn't one of you who doesn't know this lady, of course. She has survived in a field where survival is unheard of. She is still surviving. How? Sheer talent. Sometimes it really does pay off.

The scene at Studio One was right out of Alice In Wonderland, with all the correct eat-me/drink-me people there. The lady of the evening was in top form, the setting was perfect. The party and performance was two-fold, as a break in for Studio One to the circle of bi-chic, heretofore the domain of the two big New York clubs, and to introduce Miss Lee's new L.P. and affiliation with Atlantic. I can only tell you that both aims were thundering successes.

The club, well, that goes without saying. It is only the hippest place



peggy

in L.A. and is on every with-it list as a must see. The quality of entertainment is, hands down, the best on the West Coast.

As for Peggy Lee, what is there to say? After a long illness she has bounced right back, looking and sounding better than ever. Her pipes are better now than when she had the number one single, "Is That All There Is" a couple of years ago and finally won a well deserved Grammy. My only complaint about the performance, it was just too brief.

If you missed this one night only, all too rare on the West Coast, Peggy Lee performance, don't despair. You can still get a little taste of it in that fine Atlantic L.P. Never has there been a more perfect mating of singer and label. Atlantic, careful and patient, with

Miss Lee, who's talent seems to endure, no matter what the current direction of pop music, have turned out a must have record. It's simply called "Let's Love" (Atlantic SD 18108) and that's just what you'll do to it. Peg blithely trips all the way from the Paul McCartney title tune, through a couple of her own original works, rips it up with a Tina Turner number, "Easy Evil" and tops it all off with a spectacular reading of the old Berlin chestnut, "Always."

Peggy Lee remains where she's always been, at the top, totally in control and unclassifiable. She is the first of the hip ladies and always will be.



album. It is worth the trip and a lovely, loving experience. It's on her own label, aptly named Daffodil and is tabbed simply "Blossom Dearie Sings" (Daffodil BMD 101). It couldn't be better named!

In an era when vocal gymnastics seem to hide both a lack of talent and bad lyrics, Blossom is as fresh as a spring of clear, cool, clean water. You hear — and love — every word. The care with which she picks her material is astounding.

Much of her material is her own, she does the music but, as a rule, not the lyrics. Her collaborators are chosen with care, though. The results are songs — and a singer — to listen to, really listen to! How long has it been since you've heard a singer where you can do that?

Miss Dearie won't give up what she considers honest and true for mere popularity. Good for her! I'm happy to report that that firm stand is finally paying off. The lady owns all she can see and all those who see her feel that, they, alone, own her. That's a nice feeling, you know, sort of like living in the second story of a doll house.

••

The place it first happened was at an under advertised but over attended concert at Carnegie Hall. The audience? You guessed it. All the same crowd that made up Midler's first following. They know a good thing when they see it! Next stop, The Music Center in Los Angeles. The same bi-crowd and the same wild reception.

So, now, folks, we have Miss Barbara Cook, star. That lyrical, lovely voice hasn't changed much. The approach and attack are still the same. But, what we do have is a chance to hear the lady without being held back in our affection and reaction by the silly-sweet parts she's been stuck with. This also



Blossom

BLOSSOM DEARIE . . . TRULY HIP

There is just no use trying to describe this voice. You have to hear it!

You had the chance at the Ladies of Jazz concerts in the Mark Taper Forum and at an all to brief run in the super little Valley jazz club, The Times. If you did go and walked in on her without knowing about her, you probably thought you were being put on. The voice is small, in fact one critic said that it wouldn't reach the second story of a doll house. He did go on to point out that it was perfect, clear and pure. He's right on both counts!

There's not much of a chance to see her, here in California, so, by all means do rush out and get her

BARBARA COOK . . . NEWLY HIP

If the name sounds familiar, well, it should. Miss Barbara Cook was the tiny, trim, petite leading lady of such Broadway shows as "Plain And Fancy," "She Loves Me," "Candide" and, in her most famous role, Marian the Librarian in "The Music Man." A star, right? Wrong. Somehow it all just didn't happen. In spite of being a leading lady, getting good reviews and working almost constantly, it all just didn't come together.

Now, it's finally happened. Miss Cook is no longer that too sweet, too petite leading lady. In fact her girth is more like Ella Fitzgerald than the tiny Miss Cook all those blue haired ladies at those endless matinees used to coo over. BUT . . . she's happy, she's joyful and it shows. Inside that skinny ingenue there was a hefty star trying to get out! Now, that big star is loose and we are the winners!

Barbara

gives you a chance to hear, feel and understand her bright, charming sense of humor.

The L.P. that captured that memorable original concert is pure delight, "Barbara Cook at Carnegie Hall" (Columbia M 33483). She has the ability to go smoothly from sweet sadness to raunchy cut-ups back to hurt without missing a nerve. It's just the kind of album where you would have chosen all the included songs yourself, if you'd had the chance. It's just about perfect and it's goodbye, Miss What'shername and hello Miss Cook.

••

MABEL MERCER . . . HIPPER THAN THOU

There she sits, a huge, imposing woman, seated in a chair and hardly moving. The odd voice is only a ruin of its former self. Somehow, it all doesn't matter, though. Mabel Mercer was hip before there was such a thing as hip. She belongs in some never-never land with Bricktop and Josephine Baker. She just is and you have to accept that.

Her Royce Hall concert was more a tribute of what was than what is, I must admit. But what she was is very hard to find these days, so the tribute was very fitting. The word *chantuse* can be applied to her without flinching. Along with Miss



Mabel

Dearie and Bobby Short, she practically rules New York's hipper night clubs. This is not one of those you either like her or you don't voices. She takes a lot of getting used to, sort of like capers in your olives. Still, she is infinitely worth the trouble. No one can turn a phrase the way she can. No one can search out such haunting songs and make them real the way she can. All that hasn't been lost. That she can still do, like no one else.

Stamyan has just released a collection of her songs that must be regarded as a truly definitive collection of Mabel Mercer, "Mabel For Always" (Stamyan SR 10108). You owe yourself a trip through those oddly shaped spaces between those jazz influenced, bent

notes. Perhaps the very top of both her form and performance is the L.P.'s first song, "Once Upon A Time." This will show you a quiet, firm dignity so lacking in most mere vocalists. Of a special interest is "The Ballad of the Sad Young Men."

Mabel Mercer must be thought of as not a singer but an experience. She is one experience that you don't want to miss!



CHER . . . HIP, HIP, HOORAY!

Bette, move over!

There's no doubt that every one, every where, knows this big success of the year. Of course, she's not part of that New York set but the first of the home grown California chic. Look for her success to continue for many, many more years. This lady, sans Sonny, has finally attracted all the correct audience and is the newly crowned queen of camp. That, naturally, elevates her to the top ranks of the musical entertainer. Funny, isn't it, how discovery and acceptance by the gay audiences almost always insures success!

Cher has made it the hard way, too. Television is absolutely the last place for anyone to try and make it with any kind of hip following. This lady has proved that even that is possible with her fast, funny, bright show. Hell, she's even knocked off the Disney Show. It seems we are looking for our fantasy in different places these days!

Now, she's trying for that elusive best selling L.P. to back up and confirm her success. Although behind her are a long list of top hit singles, she has yet to break through with a really smash L.P.

It was great anticipation that I looked forward to her newest, "Stars" (Warner Bros. BS 2805). I was really expecting a brilliant L.P., especially since it was being produced by the best arranger / producer / composer / conductor in the business, Jimmy Webb. On my first hearing I was bitterly disappointed. It was only after several hearings that I became aware it was my own bias that I had to overcome. The album is merely great. I had, like so many others who look-

ed forward to this pairing, just been expecting too much. We should be more than happy with what we got. It is, without question, Cher's very best L.P., ever. Webb has dug deep and brought out new shadings and depth that no other mere producer has ever even attempted with Cher. That big, beautiful alto voice is superb!

The two best songs are Webb's "Just This One Time" and "Love Hurts," both of which should be big hits in the singles field. My major criticism is that Webb has over-produced several of the songs, instead of having the courage to simply let Cher's voice bear the burden of carrying the song. This is



Cher

a tendency he should watch. It has marred some of his more recent work in the field.

Still, all in all, it is an album worth having and enjoying time and time again. I'm sure there is still a great album in Cher. I'm doubly sure that it could be and should be done with Jimmy Webb — he's far and away above those clods who have trampled her talent in her recent outings. This one, alas, isn't it. Still, it will most definitely do until that one comes along.

HIP!

BRIGHTON EXPRESS

a place to fall in love

By DREW HAMILTON

Photography by RUBEN

On Pacific Avenue in San Francisco, near the entrance of what used to be known as the International Settlement and before that the Barbary Coast, is a tiny little restaurant somewhat hidden behind two Victorian laurel trees. In the spring and fall, when the cream colored blossoms with their yellow stamens fill the trees and the air is fragrant from their scent, the branches are loaded and the picturesque old English-inn type of sign which advertises the place is half obscured from view.

This romantic little hideaway is called the Brighton Express. It is presently owned and operated by a personable good-looking young man whose name is Bill Lloyd.

Bill knows a lot about the history of the edifice which his business occupies.

"The building was erected in 1860," he told me, as we leisurely dined together one evening. "It survived the quake and the fire, and the facade today is exactly the same as it was then. The San Francisco Board of Supervisors passed an ordinance a few years ago which stipulated that the fronts of the buildings couldn't be changed. . . . An extra door was added in 1939. The place was a restaurant then, too, but it operated for years on a very irregular schedule."

"How did you happen to become interested in this spot, Bill?"

We were seated at one of the window tables near the front of the restaurant, and now we relaxed over our after-dinner coffee.

"Well, I came out of the navy not quite certain of what I wanted to do with myself. I worked for a while as an advertising rep for Proctor and Gamble. But I finally decided that I'd had enough of regimentation. In many ways, regulations for employees of Proctor and Gamble were just like the rules for dress



and conduct which I'd had to obey in the service . . . I did well with the company, though, and they offered me a job in the home office. That was supposed to be a supreme compliment, the offer of a job in the home office. So the bosses were stunned when I turned it down." Bill paused for a moment, chuckling over his private joke. "I mean, they couldn't figure it out. Nobody was supposed to turn down a job in the home office! . . . But I decided I was tired of working for a big corporation."

"And that's when you came to San Francisco?"

He nodded. "Right. I had an idea that I'd like to run a restaurant. I knew nothing about it and I'd had no experience whatsoever, but I decided I'd like to try."

"Did you know how high the mortality rate was in the food and drink business?" I asked with a sympathetic smile. "Did you really know what you were getting into?"

He laughed. "I sure as hell found out!" He toyed absently with a fork as he continued. "It was 1969 and I was taking my time, looking around. I had a friend who worked in the Butcher Shop, a restaurant on Polk Street. He gave me some ad-

vice and some encouragement."

Today Bill has such a boyish look about him that he could pass for a guy in his late teens or early twenties. There is a natural warmth and a sense of honesty about him that one associates with unjaded youth, so it's not difficult to imagine that many people would want to help him. He was twenty-eight, however, when he decided in 1969 to go into business for himself.

At first he planned to take over a building on Lombard Street and do some re-modeling, but at the last minute the landlady refused to sign the lease. "Somebody told her that if the place became a restaurant there'd be rats and roaches all over the building, so she backed out of the deal."

It was just as well. The atmosphere of the old Brighton Express sold him on the possibilities of the place, and although the inside of the restaurant was a mess he could visualize its potential. He leased the building, put in new carpeting, stripped the walls to reveal the original foundation (red brick), kept some of the colorful lighting fixtures (including a Tiffany lamp or two), put in a fireplace and opened for business in October, 1969. He had lots of help from friends and lovers and, as he expresses it with a smile, "the undecided."

He hoped for a mixed clientele and that's exactly what he's got. The Brighton draws a good crowd for lunch and "with a couple or group of men having lunch together, how do you tell for sure whether they're gay or not?" None of the action seems to be overt or obvious.

He relates an incident which rather distressed him at the time it happened. Two older men came to dinner one night and were very incensed when they discovered that straight people were dining there,



Owner Bill Lloyd serves two customers at the bar.

too. They thought the straight clientele should be discouraged, if not barred from the place. Bill refused to take such drastic action. He believes that if gay men and women want straight people to be non-discriminating in their attitudes towards them, they must also be liberal in their attitudes towards the straights.

"We try to encourage everyone," is the way he puts it. "We're glad to have straight OR gay customers at the Brighton — whichever."

This appealing young man was born in a small town near Minneapolis, went to the University of Colorado and was a member of TKE fraternity. "Yeah," he admits with a grin. "I dated chicks and did the whole bit. Then I transferred to the University of Minnesota and got my BA in advertising . . . I came out when I was a senior in college. Oh, sure, I'd had a few suspicions about myself before that, but I was very naive. I didn't know the word 'gay'. To me a homosexual was a drag queen or a person who sucked cock. I didn't know there were other variations of the syndrome . . . All the time I was making it with girls, though, I had the vague feeling that, for me, there was something not quite right about it."

"So how did you come to the big discovery about yourself?"

"I had a roommate who was gay. I mean, I THOUGHT he was gay, I suspected him. I had no real proof . . . One night when we were driving around town he pointed out a

bar to me and told me that was a place where homosexuals congregated. I was curious. So on a Friday night, a night when I had no date and was feeling a little lonely, I decided to investigate . . . A drunk came on really strong for me. I was upset, and another man — a very attractive guy — took my part. He invited me to another bar nearby. It was a show-bar and he held my hand while we watched the show. I thought that was great, really romantic."

"Ah," I said, nodding sagely. "So love found Andy Hardy."

Bill smiled. "Something like that. Yes, damn it, it WAS romantic. We saw each other for quite a while before we ever went to bed, just kissing and fondling each other."

"And then — after that?"

"It was beautiful. I was happy. I felt I'd really found myself. I remember going to school the next day after the first night this man and I made love and looking around the classroom at the other students. 'You're all exactly the same as you were yesterday,' I thought, 'but I'm different.'"

Perhaps it's Bill's own gentle and romantic nature which colors the atmosphere of his restaurant, the Brighton Express. With its attractive little corner tables in the two front windows and the table near the fireplace, the Brighton seems a perfect place to dine with a lover — or perhaps with someone one hopes will become a lover.

The menu at the Brighton is varied, of course, but even the most common sounding entree seems to be prepared with a touch of originality which makes it a gourmet's delight. I have enjoyed the baby beef liver (sauteed in wine with delicate herbs and dijon mustard) and the lamb karma, which is cooked in a white wine and herb sauce and served in a casserole with rice.

A feature of the restaurant is called Mud Pie. This is an ice cream cake dessert which Bill retained from the former management. It contains the richest and most delicious chocolate I've ever tasted.

"A lot of people say restaurants are very good when they first open, then their quality declines," Bill commented. "But if anything, the quality of food has improved at the Brighton. I didn't know anything about running a restaurant when I started out. We've really struggled to make things better here."

Slightly off the beaten trail, the Brighton Express draws a group of steady customers, but reservations for newcomers, at least during the week (and even though the place is small) aren't difficult to obtain. A dash of Old World charm, seasoned by the modern expertise of Bill Lloyd, his chef and his good-looking waiters make this restaurant a unique and delightful place to relax for a couple of hours and to enjoy the company of a special friend or a group of special friends. ●



Joe — the friendly waiter, takes an order.

Alcoholics Together was founded in 1969 when a member of the Metropolitan Community Church realized the severity of the homosexual drinking problem. From one meeting a week with five members the roster has swelled to two thousand. The need for such a program was great, as Gays tend to meet new friends in bars, where drinking is the order of the day. Alcoholics Anonymous proved not to be the answer, as too many homosexuals find it difficult to stand up in a straight AA meeting and tell the group about private problems stemming from emotional problems with members of their own sex. An Alcoholics Together Center was set up at 3596 Beverly Boulevard. There they hold one meeting a day every day and, on weekends, there are two or three. On Friday nights there is a candlelight meeting at eleven o'clock. On Mondays and Saturdays there are noon meetings. The Metropolitan Community Church, in downtown Los Angeles, has a Tuesday night meeting, the MCC in the Valley has Monday and Wednesday night meetings at 11717 Victory Boulevard. At all of these places gay alcoholics can get help from their peers in the alcoholic homosexual community.

A little booklet started it all called **Alcoholics Together**. The Reverend Troy Perry saw it and asked for permission to reprint it and send it to all of the MCC churches. It caught on to the extent that there are now at least thirty-five meetings a week being held in Los Angeles and the word has spread all over the world, even as far as Brisbane, Australia; Florida, Washington D.C., Atlanta, St. Louis, New York, Denver . . . chapters have sprung up everywhere.

The twelve-step program used by AA was incorporated into the **Alcoholics Together** approach and a Recovery House was established at 1322 North Van Ness Avenue, with a hotline of 462-9618. The principles behind the step house are: "We have admitted that we are powerless over alcohol and that our lives have become unmanageable; We have come to believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity; We have made

ALCOHOLICS



SUPPRESSED VERSION OF THE SNARE OF WINE BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

TOGETHER

By ALLAN LEOPOLD

a decision to turn our lives over to God as we understand Him; We have made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves; We have admitted to God and to ourselves and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs; We have asked God to remove all these defects of character; We have made a list of all persons we have harmed and we are willing to make amends to them all; We have made direct amends to such people, where possible (except to do so would injure them or others); We continue to take personal inventory and, when we are wrong, promptly admit it; Through prayer and meditation, we strive to improve our conscious contact with God as we understand Him; Having had a spiritual awakening, as a result of these steps, we strive to carry this message to alcoholics and to practice these principles in all our affairs."

The first step is the hardest step to take: to admit you're an alcoholic and different from your fellow human beings.

A lot of **Alcoholics Together** members have to use a different concept for God because the depths they have reached in their drinking problem have caused them to give up on God. As widely divergent substitutes as a light bulb and even a tree have been stand-ins for a Higher Power. A searching and moral inventory of oneself is not easy to do. After taking the twelve steps, most people are able to leave the garbage of their pasts behind. One woman, rehabilitated through this program, voluntarily went back and apologized to her old boss. She said she was sorry for the days she stole from him: the times she was late, the absences due to her drinking, the work load she didn't honestly carry when she did come in. It was also the first time in her life that she was able to admit to him she was a homosexual. Because of this new-found honesty toward herself and others, that boss and his former employee have become good friends through a better understanding of each other. I asked this woman if finding a responsive lover wouldn't help clear up the necessity to drink. She smiled in reflection:

"I once had the Great Romance

of my life and we drank together."

"You may recall that Lillian Roth, after her enormous success with her book, *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, fell off the wagon and returned to drinking."

"There is never a cure for alcoholism. You can only arrest the disease through your own personal dedication and by going to the meetings where your friends fight the good, never-ending battle right along with you. There's safety in numbers. You wake up in the morning and you say: 'Dear God, help me get through the day without a drink. Beginners have to say: 'Please help me to get through the next five minutes without one.'"

"Is there help for people who are into delirium tremens and are actually shaking because of their addiction?"

"Yes. The County maintains Detoxification Centers. Unfortunately, at the present time, there are no specific Gay Withdrawal Centers."

"Do you remember the movie, 'The Lost Weekend'?"

"Do I ever! To show you how long



ago that was, I was debating, at the time, whether I should spend the last fifteen cents I had in my purse before payday, which was three days away, on a hot dog or on a beer."

"Do you have the gay equivalent of Alton for lovers, who have no drinking problem at all, but who are concerned over their mates who do?"

"Yes. There are two meetings a week. One is held at the Valley MCC on Victory Boulevard, the other is held in Pasadena. The government has just allocated over one million dollars for the APW. It's the newest federally funded program for women. It's located at 1147 South Alvarado and it's available on a 24-hour basis. They have a recovery house and an outpatient facility and it exists, primarily, for gay women. They can handle fourteen women in their 12-step program."

"Did you see Tom Snyder's 'Tomorrow' show segment, where a former newscaster, who had been fired because of his drinking, had begun a rehabilitative program in industry to teach employers how to deal with alcoholic employees? The program specifically pointed out that such people are well worth saving, after long tenures with their companies, and should not arbitrarily be severed from their jobs without a chance, as he was. He is trying to give others the chance denied him."

"Yes. I've heard of his work and I do know that many industries today are listening keenly to what he has to say. Pacific Telephone, for one, is developing a thorough research staff to address themselves to this. But alcoholism isn't confined to adults only. We have eleven-year-olds who are totally addicted. A lot of employers know that recovered alcoholics make the best employees because they have been there."

"Personally, I think a gay young man could continue to go to the gay bars, where all the attractive people are, and drink just a coke. Isn't that possible?"

My gay lady alcoholic smiled at me ruefully. "It may be possible but we, at **Alcoholics Together**, have an old saying: 'If you don't want to slip, don't go where it's slippery.'"

FIRE ISLAND

LARRY SILVA

The first question I asked was, how did this long, narrow sand bar get its name? There are two stories and each seems logical and acceptable. One is that the first whalers, who used Fire Island as a lookout point for spotting the great mammal of the sea, built huge fires on the shore to keep warm and also to warn passing ships of the danger of running aground on the sand reef. The other is that originally there were five islands and when they were claimed in 1688, and patented, the v was printed r instead, so five became fire. Whichever is correct, I'm glad it's Fire Island. The first time I heard the name my interest was aroused and I had to learn more about this place that possessed such an exciting name.

There are many misconceptions concerning Fire Island. Most people who haven't been there, seem to think of Fire Island as a completely gay place. This interpretation is far from true. Fire Island, physically is a sand bar approximately thirty miles long and equivalent to a couple of city blocks wide at its widest point. There are at least fifteen communities on the island and only two of these are populated by a gay majority. The oldest and most well known of the gay communities is Cherry Grove. There is not another place anywhere that compares with the Grove. It is a unique little community that has a natural charm all its own in atmosphere and attitude. There are approximately 300 houses in the Grove and each possesses its own individual style and they all express their pride and individuality. Built well off the ground on stilt type foundations most of the homes have been remodeled and added to.

Each of them presents its own facade, and all combined create a kind of fantasy atmosphere. A tour of the houses of Cherry Grove is a must for the first time visitor.

For those who are not fortunate enough to own a summer home at Cherry Grove, or to be a guest at one of the neat cottages, there is only one place to stay — at the largest home on the island, a Venetian baroque mansion, white and dove grey, turreted, studded with statuary and urns, with a roof-top solarium, half a mile from the center of Cherry Grove. This is Bevedere, built and decorated by its owner, John Eberhardt; and this beautiful mansion is made available for Fire Island House Parties. Specializing in unique trips for men — Hans Ebenstein Travel of New York arranges tours, cruises and expeditions for small groups and individual travelers to Fire Island, the Himalayas, the Arctic, Persia, and other unusual destinations.

You will never see anything like it anywhere else. Fire Island is dressy and outre. Everything from bleached and torn Levis to cut-offs to Kaftans is de-rigueur. You can be as informal or elegant as you please — wear what you like, what suits you best — no one will be surprised at anything.

Ferry boats leave from Sayville a little town on the south shore of Long Island approximately 60 miles from Manhattan. At the Sayville dock one can take a boat to Cherry Grove, or Fire Island Pines. The boats run on regular schedules and it's a pleasant 20 minute ride to either community. Here you will find everyone boarding the boats with all their goodies for their stay on Fire Island. Suitcases, boxes, shopping bags, potted plants, lots of dogs and cats, etc., etc., etc. The Sayville dock is really quite an experience in itself. Especially on a weekend.

Arriving at the dock in the Grove you step off the boat into a little mini-Downtown Cherry Grove consisting of a liquor store, post office, a couple of clothing and gift shops, a restaurant, a grocery store, and most recently a bar called the Island Queen which perches atop a few of the shops overlooking the great south bay.

Let's go further on the boardwalk



toward the Atlantic Ocean, which is equivalent to about two short city blocks, or a casual five minute walk from the dock. On your right is the beach hotel and club. The hotel is a fairly modern building which offers clean rooms, nothing grand but adequate. The beach club is large enough to accommodate a thousand people on a busy weekend. The biggest attraction here is the people. Dancing, drinking, cruising and just plain having a good time doing their own thing at a fun place where one can relax and enjoy and never forget the experience.

Leaving the hotel and club, let's continue on the boardwalk toward the ocean. Passing by The Monster, an elegant little restaurant with great food and a delightful atmosphere. Dinner at The Monster at least once is a must when in Cherry Grove. Alongside The Monster is the Cherry Grove Inn, renting small clean rooms with community baths down the hall. The inn is well kept and a popular little place to stay in the Grove.

Now atop a sand dune with an endless view of the great Atlantic Ocean sits Cherry Grove's largest and most appealing bar and restaurant, the Sea Shack. Adorned in her nautical attire the Shack is truly part of her surrounding. The interior is done very nautical, with lots of heavy rope, portholes, and walls of weathered planks most of which were picked off the beach. It is quite a large room filled with round tables surrounded by captain chairs and topped with ships lanterns and old typhanhy chandeliers. Ocean blue cloths drape the tables at dinner time and the general atmosphere at night is truly superior and unique. A four bar sits right in the center of the room. There you could sit and sip and gaze out at the ocean forever. Truly a delightful spot you will always remember.

Between Cherry Grove and Fire Island Pines is an area of about a half mile square of trees and brush and well worn patches, which is commonly known as the "meat rack." Here in the maize of nature are the hide and seekers and nature lovers. The cruising is heavy all day long and thru most of the night. Here one can spend hours of walking from trail to trail searching for whatever is his desire and leave

with contentment or frustration, depending on his encounters and discretion. At the rack beware of poison ivy, poison oak, and occasionally a police raid (which hasn't occurred in some time). There are police in the Grove but they don't create any problems. They are there to prevent and control troublemakers and they do their job well. I've never encountered friendlier or more relaxed cops. There's a mutual respect between the gay community and the police which is admirable.

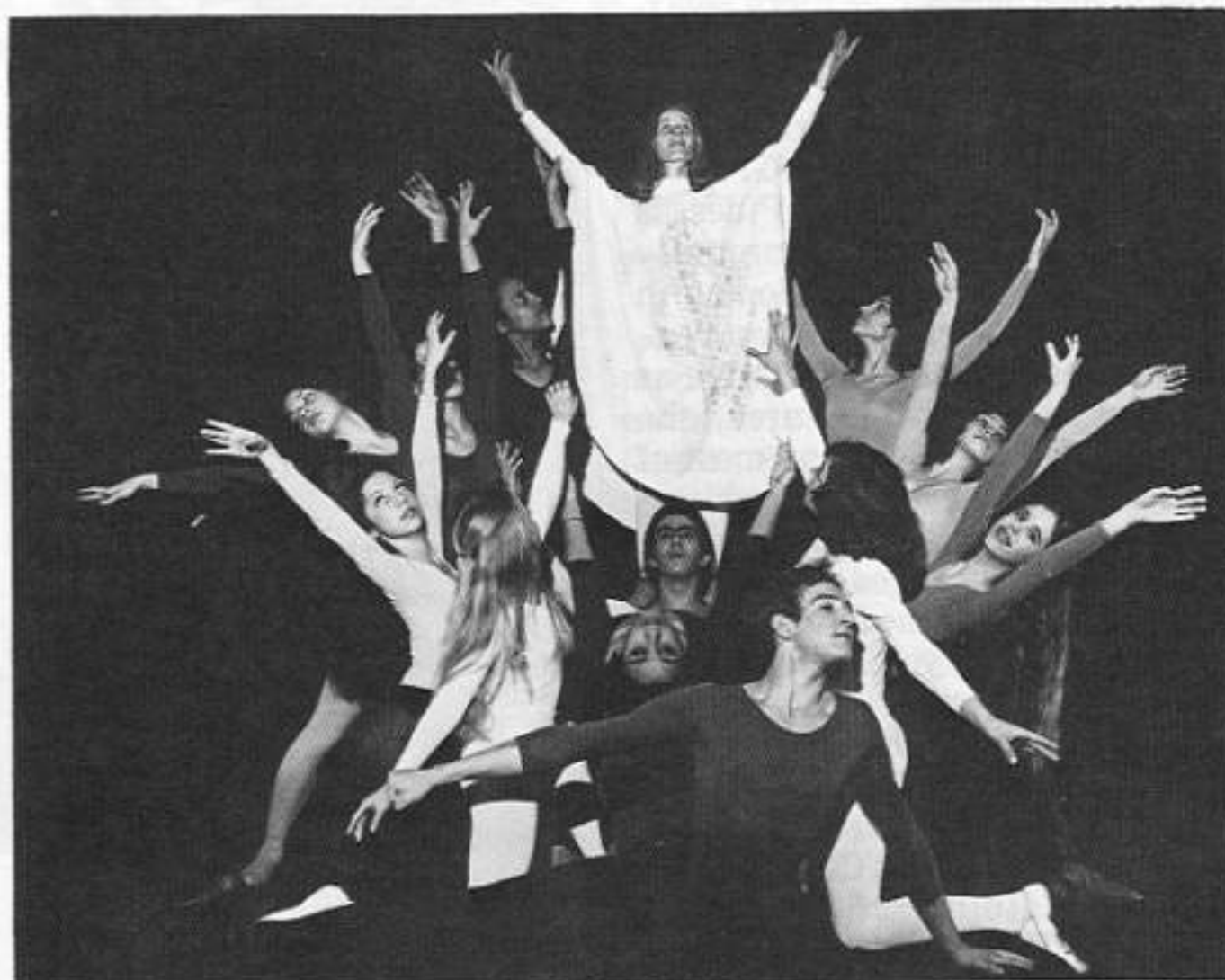
About a mile east of the Grove is Fire Island Pines. The Pines is relatively a young community which really started developing in the mid-1950s although its first resident moved there in 1929. Twice as large as the Grove in area, the Pines is lush in foliage and most of the houses are of modern architecture, which displays more wealth than charm. Enhanced with an impressive harbor lined with grand yachts and boats you arrive on the ferry from Sayville. Entering the harbor, on your right is the Pines and Dunes Yacht Club, in its red, white and blue splendor. Here is the only hotel in the Pines Club for your drinking, dining and dancing pleasure. The Yacht Club, also known as the Botel, is most popular in the afternoon at lunch and between 5 and 7 in the evening everyone gathers there for a two hour dance session which is called the tea dance.

Generally speaking, the Pines in contrast to the Grove, tends to be a little grand and more socially affected. The contrast can be delightful to the visitor for one can commute back and forth and enjoy the offerings of both places. There's also a rack at the west end of the Pines which is more or less the same as the one at the Grove. A water taxi is available between the Pines and the Grove and it keeps very busy transporting people back and forth. It is a fun 10 minute ride that costs two dollars each way.

A very special summer place with sun and fun and people to enjoy in an atmosphere where you can be yourself and leave your uptight world of constricting values and suppressed morals on the mainland. Have a gay time at a gay spot that we all deserve to experience. ●



DOUGLAS DEAN'S BAY AREA BEAT



The Theatre Ballet of San Francisco — "Mass in Dance Minor" — Sonnette Dhanda (center). (Photo by Judi Stone)

Two popular events in our community took place again in late spring, and judging by turn-out, reaction and response, they look certain to be annual affairs for a long time to come. I'm referring to the Levi Ball, sponsored by Kalendar, and also the great Tricycle Race, sponsored by the Mint.

California Hall on Polk Street was packed to the rafters in mid-May when approximately 1200-1300 beautiful people arrived for the Levi Ball. Duncan McClure was the man who sold enough tickets to win the title of Mr. Levi, thus enriching S.I.R.'s coffers to the tune of \$2,800.

On Memorial Day, May 26, the crowds gathered at Civic Center to see the start of the fourth annual Tricycle Race. Charlotte Coleman, beloved manager of the Mint, fired the starting gun at 2 p.m. sharp and 45 teams started off on their crosstown race, stopping off at 13

designated bars en route. It was a warm day, and sweat and beer flowed freely as the contestants good-naturedly shouted and peddled their way to the final marks.

Thrift Town, the winning team, set a new record of 38 minutes, while the Royal Palace took second place and Castro Street's Twin Peaks came in third. A lot of wind-ed guys got cheers and roars of encouragement as they traveled the route and crossed the finish line.

* * *

MAGIC MAN. Although a lot of interest was generated by Jim Bailey's spring gig in San Francisco, most of it was centered around his suit against *People* magazine, rather than his actual performances.

An article appeared in *People* about a year ago which Jim believes was demeaning to both himself and his family. He's suing *People* for \$30,000,000. He talked

about it at a press luncheon held by his publicists at the local Playboy Club.

"We'll appeal all the way to the Supreme Court, if necessary," said Ronald E. Michelman, Jim's attorney. "We think it's time that guidelines were established in matters like this." (Jim feels that he was both misquoted and maligned.)

The Masonic Auditorium, where Jim performed his "illusion" of Judy Garland (that's Bailey's term for the kind of act he does, not mine!) was pitifully empty when he played his weekend gig in the giant hall. With a seating capacity of over 3,000, the auditorium had less than 400 people in it for each of the two shows Jim staged.

The gay community stayed away in droves. Nobody denies that Bailey has talent, and ironically he seemed to me much improved in style and voice over the last time I saw him — his "Danny Boy," rendered quietly and simply without mike was a show-stopper — but a lot of people have been turned off by him for one reason or another. ("Just because I wear a dress, that's no reason to conclude that I'm not heterosexual," he's reported to have said — and that's hypocrisy in the opinion of a lot of Gays.) I predict that Jim's managers will think twice before they run the financial risk of booking him into San Francisco again.

* * *

DEAN'S DIVERSIONS. One of the most unique and interesting cultural events of the past several months was the San Francisco Symphony's presentation of the Berlioz opera, "Beatrice and Benedict," conducted admirably by Seiji Ozawa, sung by artists ranging from good to indifferent, and staged with some well-known local actors essaying speaking roles from the text of Shakespeare's play on which



Jim Bailey

the opera was based.

Frederica von Stade looked beautiful and was in fine voice as Beatrice, but lacked the archness and bite which the character requires, while Rohan McCullough in the acting portion of the role made Beatrice almost shrewish, thus destroying a large portion of the charm which should have been in her portrayal. John Mitchison sang well as Benedict, but certainly didn't fit the part physically; Paul Shenar seemed ill at ease delivering his lines, but came through with some amusing moments nonetheless. Joan Patenaude was an excellent Hero. Deborah Sussel and Daniel Kern fit the demands of their narrator roles with style and precision. All in all, this was an interesting Symphony presentation and delighted good audiences.

* * *

GROUP NEWS. The Golden Gate Business Association is composed of a number of local businessmen — lawyers, plumbers, printers, insurance agents, etc. — who have banded together to meet once a month to help each other and to discuss mutual problems. There is usually a guest speaker, refreshments, and the association also plans some social activities. At a recent meeting which I attended Sheriff Hongisto did a few card tricks (to the amusement of those present), talked about the condition of the local jails and the history of society's attitude toward jails. "Gay people are today's witches," he observed, theorizing that as a minority homosexuals are now the most popular targets of bigots and

do-gooders. He asked the members present at the meeting to support him in the coming election, and to assist him in minimizing the use of jails and in maximizing their quality. He spoke favorably of three candidates who will be running for San Francisco's next mayor — Moscone, Marks and Feinstein. It was my impression that he himself favors Moscone.

Another organization which has emerged on the local horizon during the past few months, and has taken a position of some prominence, is the G-40 Plus Club, composed of gay men over the age of forty. This group meets at the Family Service Agency, 1010 Gough Street, the first and third Sunday of every month at 2:00 p.m. There is a general



Antonio Mendes (center) and (clockwise from left) Linda Montaner, Deborah Pitts and Maria Balagot, featured in "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore."

meeting, then the assembly splits into groups for rap sessions, encounter experiences and political discussions and play reading. This is a very vital organization. A lot of very together people attend these meetings and it's a great place to meet new people and have a good time. I predict that the G-40 Plus Club will take an increasingly important part in our gay community and will do much to erase the "dirty old man" image of men who reach middle age. Refreshments are served and there is sometimes entertainment. At one session which I attended Bob Williams gave a charming and effective reading of poems by A. E. Houseman.

Not too long ago a coordinating committee set up what is now called a Coalition Task Force On The

Media. This group is composed of about a hundred men, all of whom are workers in films, radio, TV, or are reporters and free lance writers. The purpose of this task force is to explore means by which pressure can be brought on the media to report more objectively on various aspects of homosexuality and the gay life. Also, talents among the members may be used to create special programs, documentary films and plays which will likewise show the world that gay people do not all have three heads. (I was elected chairman of the Production Committee for this task force, so you can count on me to keep you informed on what's happened in this direction.)

Anyone who thinks that gay life is limited to cruising the bars, baths and public parks should take a look at what the members of these three organizations are doing and thank them, not only for helping each other but in aiding to change the public image of gay people in general.

* * *

CURTAIN UP. I was not among those reviewers who did handsprings over "El Grande de Coca Cola" when it played here in S.F. and I must admit my reaction was even cooler to the same group's new production, "Bullshot Crummond," which opened in North Beach's Hippodrome in early summer.

"Coca Cola" was a clever idea for a revue. It had an amusing premise and some delicious com-

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Famed jazz singer Oscar Brown Jr., in the lead of "Evolution of the Blues."

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

THEATER

NEW YORK



Dustin Hoffman—"Director!"

"ALL OVER TOWN"

Behind this rather nondescript title hides one of the funniest Broadway plays of the season. An almost classic story of mistaken identity, the play many times gets precariously close to being silly, but never is. The humor works on many levels, as witnessed by the laughter from the audience, coming sometimes from all over the theater, sometimes from certain people only, who pick up on some of the finer nuances of Murray Schisgal's work.

Murray Schisgal, who not only writes funny plays but is a very funny, very relaxed person privately, is happy with the success his newest brainchild has earned. His biggest hit before that has been "LUV," which starred Eli Wallach,

Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin and was directed by Mike Nichols.

Murray has worked with Dustin Hoffman once before, though under different circumstances. Dustin starred in Murray's play "Jimmy Shine." They have been friends for a long time and value each other's judgement. Murray knew that Dustin had toyed with the idea of directing a play himself for quite a while. When he finished "All Over Town," he showed it to Dustin, asked him to read it and then decide, if he'd like to make this his directing debut. Dustin read it in one night and called Murray immediately: "You're on" he told him. "It's crazy and I can see it on stage already. I've been making notes while I read it. It's THE play for Broadway and New York audiences will love it."

Dustin Hoffman was right. New

York audiences do love it, but the play's impact extends far beyond that. We have heard that negotiations for the German language rights are under way.

What is so special about this play? It is not just funny, but very fast paced — in some scenes the timing is so critically linked with the dialogue, that the movements of all actors involved in the scene become one big choreographed movement. It is also very satirical, playing on general prejudices and sparing no one in the process. The audience gets their share. No ethnic group or nationality seems to have been forgotten, even the gurus are not being spared some ridicule. The confusion starts when a Black delivery boy ringing the bell at a psychiatrist's house, is falsely being taken for a polygamist with several wives, mistresses and children (originally played by Cleavon Little, now by Ron ("Superfly") O'Neal), who has come to be cured from his "habit." The action takes off immediately, the confusion grows, helped by several subplots, and keeps you entertained till the final denouement.

Go see it!

—Dagmar

"THE WIZ"

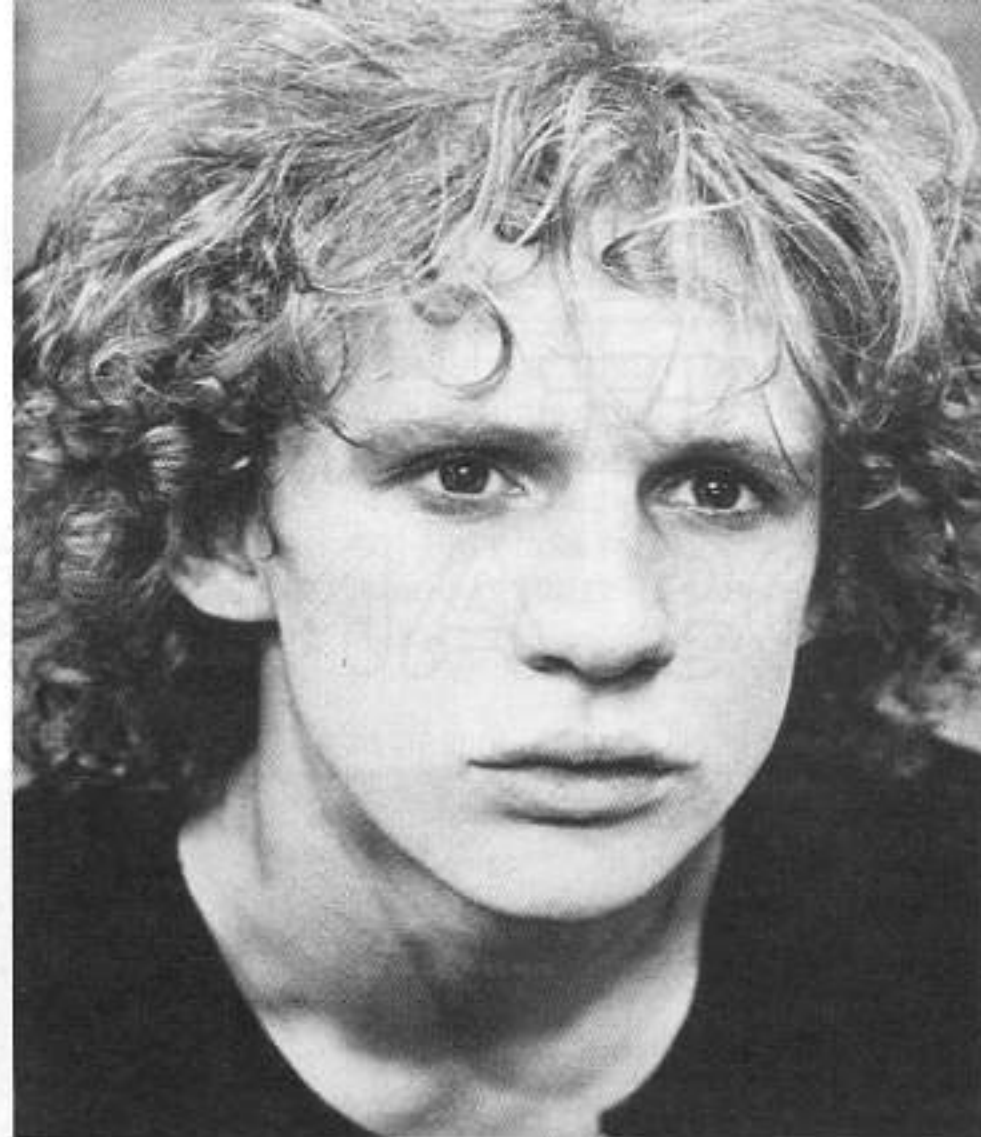
The most spectacular and innovative show to hit Broadway in a long time, "The Wiz" was not met by instant success, surprising as this may seem now. It walked away with the Tony Awards as Best Musical plus six other nominations, but on opening night the closing notice had been posted, as an indication of how deep the troubled waters were, the producers of the show found themselves in.

With clever and well-timed advertising (conceived and executed by Sandy Manly and her associates at the young press agency the Merlin Group, Ltd.) and some very heavy word of mouth making the rounds, "The Wiz" "eased on up" on us.

Ken Harper, ex-Program Affairs Director of WPIX Radio, fainted one night in Baltimore as everything went wrong at the dress



Andre DeShields, Tiger Haynes in "The Wiz."



Peter Firth featured in "Equus." (Photo by Van Williams)

rehearsal before opening night and a well meaning adviser whispered to him, he better quit while he was ahead. Now the only reason he may have to faint is when he sees his hundred million dollar dream come true.

Ken came up with the idea for "The Wiz" as long ago as 1972. A totally black version of the all-time classic "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," written by L. Frank Baum at the turn of the century and later made into a movie starring the unforgettable Judy Garland and Bert Lahr. The people Ken talked to were either completely turned off by the idea of a Top-Forties style black musical comedy — or they loved it. More people loved it. Best of all, Twentieth Century-Fox joined hands with Harper and put up the necessary cash to produce the show.

William F. Brown wrote the book and Charlie Smalls wrote both music and lyrics. A virtually unknown young actress, when Ken Harper first hired her, Stephanie Mills now captivates and moves the audience every night as Dorothy. Tiger Haynes is a terrific new version of the Tinman and Ted Rose plays the Lion as if he were the reincarnation of one. As to Hinton Battle, he must be double-jointed to play the Scarecrow with such flexibility (how does he do it?).

The costumes and elaborate

make-up (designed by Geoffrey Holder, who also directs), are spectacular and George Faisons' choreography is simply breathtaking.

Why were the Opening Night reviews so very "mixed"? I suspect that some of the critics just were not ready for a black Wizard. The audiences obviously were.

Ultimately, "The Wiz" has made as big a splash on Broadway as "Hair" did, back in 1968; both shows representing a first on a Broadway stage and both destined to become trendsetters and legends in their own time. All positive adjectives you can think of apply to "The Wiz," but I love the way the Milton Glaser poster puts it in a nutshell: "The Wiz is a WOW!"

—Dagmar

EQUS

I'm the first to admit that I'm a little bit kinky, but I assure you here and now that that had nothing to do with the fact that I found "Equus" very erotic. Yes, erotic. If you read the papers at all, you know by now that the play, a British import, is highly acclaimed as a dramatic masterpiece and was nominated for just about every award going in the theatre. It received a string of them including a Tony.

The story is based loosely on a rather sordid crime the author, Peter Shaffer, heard about in the North of England. A young stable boy, it seems, for no apparent reason blinded the six horses that were in his charge. The English courts dealt with him rather harshly, as such a wanton act of cruelty could have no justification. In the play, all of this has already taken place and we enter the story as the boy is about to enter an institution under the care of a well-known psychiatrist. The doctor, played with perfect restraint by Anthony Hopkins, is extremely reluctant to accept this rather bizarre patient, but a persistent social worker wins him over. The doctor's life until this time has become settled. He has sunk into a rut to the point of lethargy. His marriage is loveless, his work is unrewarding, and his overall existence is, in a word, lifeless. Completely aware of his hopeless state, he has accepted it. The arrival of the boy changes all this. The boy, at first, refuses to communicate at all except by singing meaningless commercail jingles — "Double your pleasure, double your fun, with double/good, DoubleMint gum . . ." Like all good doctors in all good medical shows, our doctor slowly and patiently draws his patient out of his shell, eventually

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

THEATER

LOS ANGELES



(L-R) Mary Joan Negro, Norman Snow, Peter Dvorsky — in City Center Acting Co.'s production of "Edward II." (Photo by Diane Gorodnitzki)

"EDWARD II"

Christopher Marlowe's "Edward II" is 383 years old and is very rarely if ever performed. As a love story between Edward and his two boy friends at the Royal Court, it is an important historical play for readers of this magazine. I rather looked forward to seeing it, particularly since a recent production in Scotland shocked nearly all of Edinburgh.

The City Center Acting Company version at Royce Hall on the UCLA campus disclosed its heart to be missing. You cannot successfully mount "Edward II" if there is no Edward and Norman Snow in that role was woefully miscast. His love affair with Gaveston, one of the great historical liaisons, was illuminated only by Peter Dvorsky.

It was obvious that he cared deeply about the King. Their passion, however, was reciprocal but you'd never guess that from Mr. Snow's performance.

Midway in the first act Peter is surrounded by angry members of the court who deplore the romance and are determined to do away with him. He is stabbed, to all intents and purposes mortally, and borne away on a bier of shoulders, his head lolling limply from his neck. There is a fanfare of trumpets and he is gone. Later, he reappears, is resurrounded by those very same antagonists and dispatched anew. A rather redundant demise, to say the least. Mr. Snow executed some wiggles of vexation in his costume that bared his attractive legs up to the thighs like a Thirteenth Century Cheong-san. At this point he closely resembled nothing so much as a

pouting Zeigfeld Girl.

In intermission I ran into producer John Houseman in the lobby. You may recall he won the Academy Award for his brilliantly truculent Harvard law professor in the film, "The Paper Chase." I asked him about this Gaveston Gavotte and he pointed out the first was but a mere flesh wound; the second rendered him permanently hors de combat. If he remained in the lobby at an information booth, audiences might better comprehend this play.

The second act revealed the real reason "Edward II" is rarely done. There isn't any. Instead, we have a rambling, pejorative pageant culminating in that scene. I'm sure director Ellis Raab debated long and hard as to how he should handle it. For no matter how politely you disguise it, Edward was violated with a red-hot poker. The actor given this assignment proved to be as Campy as a row of tents and since the King was slated to be slain for being gay, his executioner richly deserved to die right along with him. At any rate, he arrived with a poker painted a very phoney red. Mr. Snow slithered onstage in his jockey shorts, like Tondelayo, his chiffon in tatters, and, as his assailant raised his arm to perform the dastardly deed, the lights went out. So much for the particulars.

Among the other irritating aspects of this weighty production was the presence of a girl in the role of the Prince. She was slight of build with shingled hair but she was, nonetheless, quite obviously, a girl, possessing a female voice. She was frequently addressed as "Boy" and nothing could have been more patently ridiculous. In addition, all hands appeared with golden flecks on their lips, eyebrows and cheekbones. Just why this was affected I haven't the vaguest idea. Perhaps someone thought it made the actors look more heroic. Furthermore, there was no effort to mask the light panels from the audience, a first within my playgoing memory.

A final word on Mr. Snow as the King. Devoid of all the stronger emotions, this actor also portrayed Edward as a big Priss. Why can't one man love another and still have balls, for God's sake? On the credit side of the ledger, I greatly admired the panoply of nylon flags

that swirled in and out of the action with a regal flair as they caught the breeze plus the stunning score of Bob James that so magnificently thrust the drama forward on the heartbeats of a monarch in torment.

—Allan Leopold

"ODYSSEY"

"Odyssey," the new Ahmanson musical based on Homer's *Travels of Odysseus*, is pausing here briefly before going on to the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in New York. There, it ought to last about forty-five minutes, as it is the worst musical I have seen in 20 years.

Everything about it made me ill, from the sour singing of the director's wife, Joan Diener, who opened the show, to the singing of most of the others who followed her. Russ Thacker sang "Tomorrow," a horrible song, off-key and obliged later on by singing it all over again even further off-key. Martin Vidnovic sang

"Penelope's Hand" flatter than a pancake. As a matter of fact, all of Mitch Leigh's music is poor with the possible exception of "Did He Really Think?" This managed at least to come up with some semblance of melody.

I had heard ominous reports about this show beforehand but, in my wildest dreams, I never imagined it to be this bad. For two hours it provides almost no entertainment of any kind and it follows the fearful pattern set by "The Magic Show" in the Shubert. It is played with no intermission and, consequently, turns into a veritable Kamikaze attack on the bladder. I cannot think of any logical reason for this strange state of affairs. Whatever happened to refreshments, a breath of fresh air and an old-fashioned leak?

Erich Segal's book has nary a trace of humor going for it and Billy Wilson has choreographed dances that are totally lacking in charm, purpose or point. The scenery by Howard Bay is negligible; the costumes by Ray Diffen are haphazard arrangements of rags. Yul Brynner has never been

more boring while Albert Marre's direction is as subtle as a Mack truck. At one point, in the last half, a patron could have gone out for a light lunch and returned without missing a thing. In sum, I hated everything about "Odyssey" except that song and perhaps Russ Thacker's legs. I'm afraid that was all the class this pre-Season turkey could manage to muster.

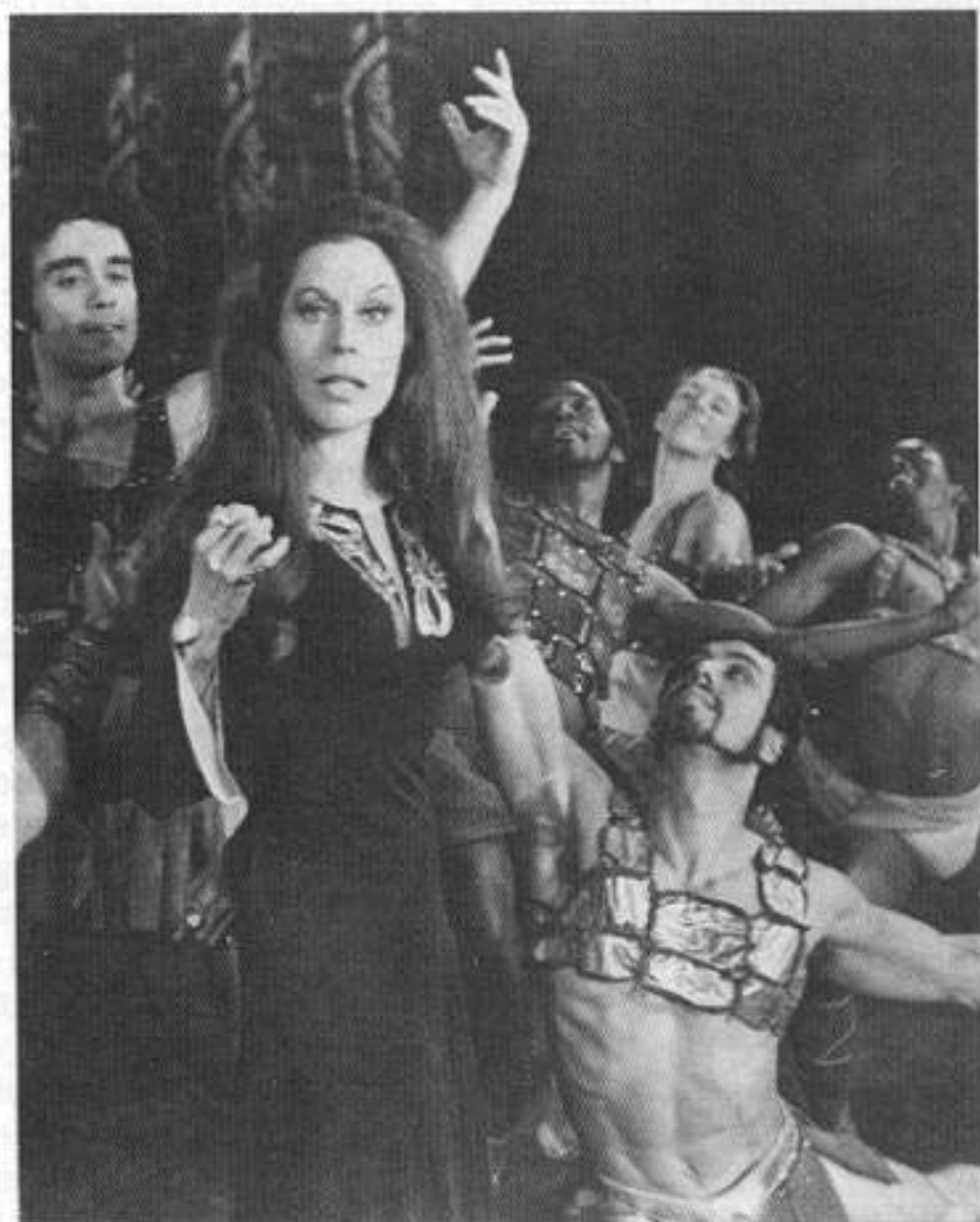
—Allan Leopold

"GIVE 'EM HELL HARRY"

I approached "Give 'Em Hell, Harry" at the Ahmanson guardedly as its glowing Washington notices, to me, smacked of Overkill. After viewing it, I have decidedly mixed feelings. For Samuel Gallu hasn't written a play at all but a one-man Pageant about the Truman Administration years.

Much has been said of James Whitmore's performance as old, feisty Harry. Whatever you've read, it isn't enough. Mr. Whitmore has tackled an acting chore that reduces Hamlet to a Walk-On. For

(please turn to page 64)



Joan Diener surrounded by some of the members of the cast from "Odyssey."



Soaking up the indelible Truman Legacy in wisdom and no uncertain words is actor James Whitmore, as he re-examines his role as the former president, in "Give 'Em Hell Harry!"

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

BOOKS

JIM KEPNER

**MEN'S
LIB**
A New
Definition
of Masculinity
by Jack Nichols

**NUDE
REFLECTIONS**



MEN'S LIBERATION: A New Definition of Masculinity, by Jack Nichols, a Penguin Original, \$2.50, 333 pg., has not received very good notices in the gay press. Perhaps this is because the book is somewhat (though not really very) difficult to read. Perhaps it is because the author, a leading gay activist since 1961 and a long-time editor of the pioneer New York newspaper GAY (with his recently deceased lover Lige Clark) criticizes the tendency of many feminists to shout malechauvenist-pig at everyone of whatever gender who refuses to accept their dogma.

But chiefly, the reason most reviewers for the gay press have been rubbed the wrong way by this book is that Nichols, long an outspoken gay, here appears to have dropped more than halfway back into the closet. From the standpoint of the usual rhetoric we find in our own press, it would appear that Nichols has taken a step backward — but I wonder if it may not be an example of the old strategy much admired on the left of taking one step back in order to prepare the way for two steps forward?

Just as many lesbians feel that lesbian issues can only be put in proper perspective by broadening the ground of discussion and considering the role of women in society, Jack Nichols has broadened the range of his outlook to consider what masculinity means in our society — and to the degree that he discusses gayness, it is in that context.

Beyond that, his philosophy is too close to the feminist view (that men are terribly straight jacketed by the pressure to appear "masculine" — which translates as aggressive, competitive, rational and unemotional) for some, and too far from the extreme statements of that view that are current in "faggot and dike" circles for others.

I think the book ought to be con-

sidered more calmly on its merits (there is hardly space here to outline his views) by gays as well as by the non-gay men to whom it is chiefly addressed. What some of our critics seem to miss is that we have to shift our language somewhat when we are talking not to the in-group, but to a broader public. I think Nichols has done that very well. That doesn't mean that I agree with everything he has said — I hardly agree with everything that Jim Kepner has said.

One of the best photographers whose work has been given national circulation in VECTOR and more recently in these pages is John David Hough. I cannot speak highly enough of his current volume, NUDE REFLECTIONS, an elegant silver-on-silver 14 by 11 paperback with 46 excellent, and excellently reproduced and laid-out photographs, many of them impressionist fantasies making effective use of heavy graininess. In an introduction, Hough says that some have complained that he photographs only beautiful people. For those who do not find that objectionable, this book is one of the very best. Townhouse Books, San Francisco, \$15.00.

THE JAMES DEAN STORY, by Ronald Mertenetti, Pinnacle Books, \$1.50, 185 pg., is a paperback original on the young film star whose electrifying performances in the films "East of Eden" and "Rebel Without A Cause" made him a cult figure almost surpassing Rudolph Valentino after his sudden death in Sept. 1955. A well-researched and very moving biography, this deals more directly (though very briefly) with bits of Dean's homosexual experience than most previous non-fiction works. But the impression that Dean's experience was 98% non-gay, I think, calls for further research. It's well worth reading, but then go back to the earlier

biogs. by Dalton and Bast and read between the lines. . . .

THE QUEENS by George Alpert, Da Capo Press, San Francisco, \$5.95, 104 pg., is another paper-bound photo book, with photography of male transvestites that move from the opposite philosophy to that of John David Hough, without the photography being as bizarre and spectacular as that in Giles Lorraine's **IDOLS**, reviewed here last year. Strong naturalist portraits, from the pensive Baby to dowagers Jack and Frankie, who graces the cover. As with **IDOLS**, some will object that the emphasis is too much on the warts and wrinkles, on the pathetic and the grotesque. In my opinion excellent but almost cruel photography, moderate-to-fair book packaging.

Gay guides are a bitch to assemble and to keep up to date — even when the area is limited. World guides are nearly impossible, still the **INCOGNITO GUIDE**, 1975, published in its 10th year by A.S.L., Paris, and distributed in the U.S. by House One, North Hollywood, is one of the most impressive. Many will find it well worth the price for the artwork. American readers may be disconcerted to find many of the U.S. listings dated, but this is primarily a European guide (180 pages to 15 for the U.S. the rest of the Western Hemisphere, Asia and Africa) and while **Dude City** and the **Bitter End West** are no longer 2/3rds of the Hollywood scene (the former's successor has only in recent weeks, at this writing, become **OUR SIDE**) I suspect that the turnover is not nearly so great in

Europe.

As with most guides, more notations are needed in recognition of the fact that not all gays appreciate the same things. This makes such distinctions better than most, though the orientation ignores the existence of female gays.

When David Goodstein bought the **ADVOCATE** this past January, he made energetic changes in the paper's format, content and editorial perspective — changes that were not popular with many people who liked the old paper. Angelenos were particularly distressed since the paper, while attempting to give fair coverage of national news had also carried as a chief function the local news in Southern California. Goodstein said recently that he isn't trying to cover news generally that is of interest to only one locality, and he welcomes the rise of local papers which will perform that service.

Several had already made their appearance. Among the hundreds of large and small papers coming from all parts of the country, the following are especially worthy of consideration:

CONTACT, from Houston is one of the most aggressive, fat and well put together. It has a strong focus in the Texas scene and good national coverage as well. **GAY COMMUNITY NEWS** from Boston does a lively job, mostly with briefs, of reporting the New England scene. Inventive format and with enough issues behind them to have established themselves as a stable part of the press.

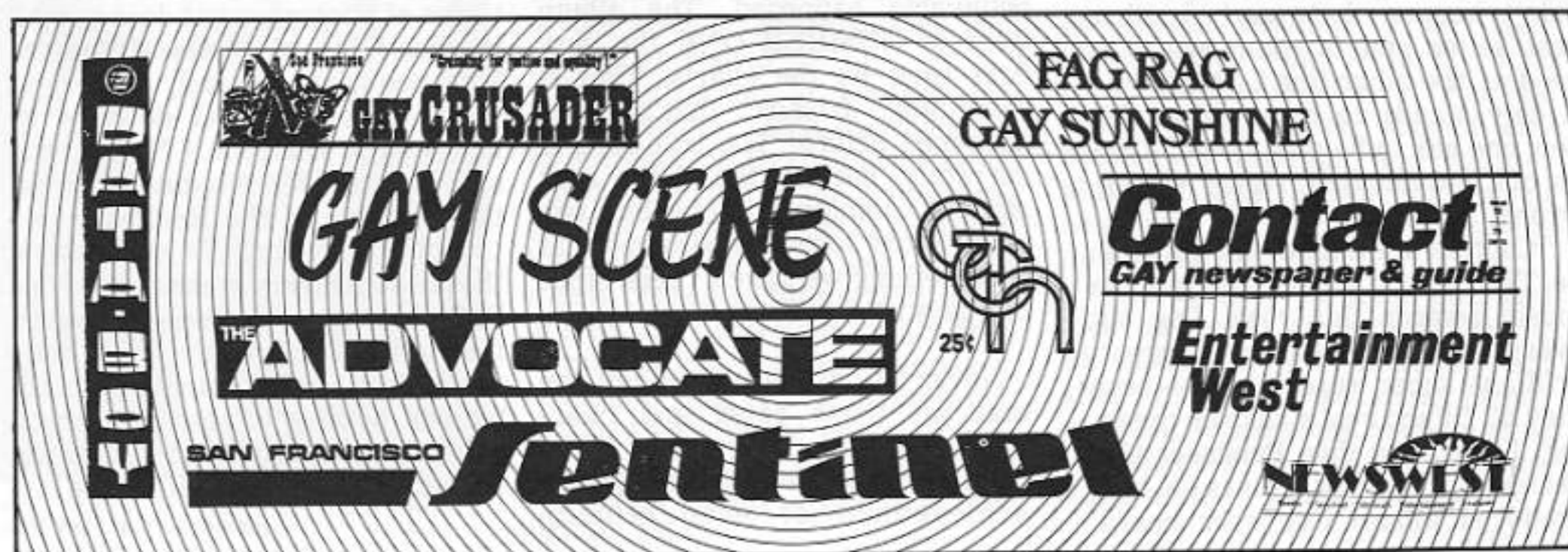
GAY SUNSHINE, published in San Francisco, while not essential-

ly concerned with news reporting, but is one of the most creative publications in the gay field, specializing in theoretical articles of great originality on the meaning of gayness, and interviews with major poets who have come out. **THE GAY LIBERATOR** from Detroit and **FAG RAG** from Boston are somewhat similar in orientation, both inclined to marxist/feminist theory, but with good reporting, vivid writing, and a creative approach to what it means to be gay.

BODY POLITIC from Toronto shares the same slant, and has printed some of the finest work I've seen on the history of the old German homophile movement and other cultural and historical work. But I personally have been totally unsuccessful at getting copies of the paper from them.

San Francisco, near which the **ADVOCATE** is now published, has several papers, the leading ones being **THE SENTINEL**, in large-size newspaper format, the Rev. Ray Broshears' **GAY CRUSADER** a paper which manages to attack nearly every activist in California in every issue.

Los Angeles has produced two papers to fill the gap left by the **ADVOCATE**. One, **ENTERTAINMENT WEST**, edited now by yours truly, was for several years a free "bar magazine," but has recently moved fully into the news field. The other, borrowing its name from an EW department, is **NEWS WEST**, produced by several former Advocate staffers, and, like **THE SENTINEL**, using large-size newspaper format. ●



ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

MUSIC

HUGH HARRISON

CAPTAIN FANTASTIC ELTON JOHN

My god! There really is justice after all!

If you don't believe that little statement then you haven't heard the new Elton John L.P., "Captain Fantastic and The Brown Dirt Cowboy" (MCA 2142). You see, not only is Elton John the highest paid recording star in music today, or any day for that matter, he is also the BEST! Now, just how often does that kind of talent get that kind of reward? Not too often, you can just bet your diamond stylis on that!

A problem, to wit: just how do you follow up an L.P. like "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road"? Well, it ain't easy, let me tell you. That little gem of an album can and is and will be compared very favorably to the high point L.P. of the Sixties' "Sargent Pepper's" by the Beatles. Even they never topped that one. John's effort after "Yellow Brick" was "Caribou." There was everyone, hanging around waiting for him to fall on his plump little . . . well . . . WELL . . . but it just didn't happen that way! Another best seller and in many ways as good as the other fine L.P. SO . . . it only stands to reason that this new one has to be a let down, if not an out and out flop, right? Wrong, wrong, wrong!

"Captain Fantastic" is going to be THE album to beat for all the music awards this year. Dig out every tired old adjective — great, brilliant, super, superb, etc. — here they all fit and really take on meaning. I must say this. Producer Gus Dudgeon, I love you. This is the best produced album I've ever heard.

Elton with strings? Oh yes, yes!! Just listen to the lush, lovely "Writing" Elton doing songs that can slip easily from rock stations to middle of the road stations, insuring them even longer life and wider acceptance? Yes, sir! Give a spin to the haunting, sweet "We All Fall In Love Sometimes." Elton doing low, funky, dirty blues? You better know it! For this trip, try "Tell Me When The Whistle Blows." Now, the big problem, no matter how good, just how do you bring all this together into a meaningful L.P. with any sort of continuity? We may never know just how that little trick was pulled off but don't you doubt for one second that it was done and masterfully at that! It can't be that John and Dudgeon are just talented . . . which they are of course. Very good producers working with excellent people have failed to pull off far easier to bring together sides. There really must have been magic in the air when they did this! I can only repeat . . . Gus Dudgeon . . . well, you know the rest.

This L.P. went to platinum the very instant it was released, which is a record itself. (By the way, that means that it sold over a million copies. You see with singles, they only have to sell a million to be gold while a gold L.P. has to sell a million dollars worth of albums. Obviously, platinum goes that quite a bit better.) Then the really unbelievable happened. The album went to NUMBER ONE the very first time on the charts. That is something, friends, that's never happened before! The title song is currently hot on the A.M. rock stations, joining not one but two other Elton John numbers and that is something we haven't seen since the days of the Beatles!

Never let anyone try and tell you that all those sales and chart figures aren't important. While they, of course, don't insure artistic achievement or even remem-



berance, they do free a really important and talented artist like John to go after just what he wants and even forces the audiences to accept him on his own terms, more or less. This L.P., for example, isn't really all that commercial sounding and would have probably been kicked out of the studio had it been done by a lesser talent . . . IF it could have been done by a lesser talent! The whole thing boils down to the artist controlling that art and I for one wouldn't want it any other way.

As long as Elton John keeps that kind of control, we should be in for a long line of such fine work, right? Well, there is a cloud on the horizon. It would seem that Elton had it all, except . . . recently the band that's been performing with him since he started, decided to leave and try it on their own, either as soloist or a demi-group, that part isn't clear yet. What is clear is that Elton John has to find some new people and as good as the ones he just lost. That won't be easy! In terms of success, what does it really mean for his musical future? Who knows. It is really useless to speculate on that. (I do hope he hangs on to Dudgeon.) No one was sure . . . or even is today . . . what the outcome of the Beatles would . . . or will not be. (To everyone of those soothsayers stunned surprise Ringo remains the most popular, the best seller and the most fully realized of all that talented group.) We will be able to read a lot from John's next album, that's for sure. "Captain Fantastic" will be the last

(please turn to page 66)

montreal main

★★★★★

At the 1975 Los Angeles Filmex, the gay cinema was represented by a Canadian entry, "Montreal Main," a low-budget semi-experimental film by Frank Vitale. Using himself and his friends as actors, Vitale borrowed a technique from Paul Morrissey and John Cassavetes, working for a balance between the wholly improvised film of early Warhol and the totally controlled film of any-period Hollywood. He is entirely successful, and as a result his characters have the ring of reality while not getting lost in pointless byways while telling their story.

"Montreal Main" is the fictional story of a platonic love affair between a lonely artist in his middle thirties (Frank Vitale playing himself) and the directionless 14-year-old son of one of his friends. For the boy, Johnny, Frank

(please turn to page 66)



Gene Hackman as Moseby in "Night Moves" a Layton Prod. for Warner Bros.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

FILMS

JOHN MARVIN



Johnny Sutherland and Frank Vitale share a platonic love affair in "Montreal Main."

NIGHTMOVES

★★★★★

"Night Moves," undoubtedly Arthur Penn's best film since "Bonnie and Clyde," is an intriguing and convoluted detective thriller inspired by those moody and cynical Hollywood "B" pictures of the forties that European critics discovered, loved, and dubbed le film noir — the dark cinema. The term refers not only to the low-key nocturnal settings of the films, but to the downbeat view of the human condition that they usually presented.

With director of photography Bruce Surtees, Penn has managed to recreate perfectly the brooding mood and sense of impending violence that was the hallmark of the best of the films noir. He has wisely chosen to set his film in the present day, however, rather than turning it into another exercise in nostalgia, thereby demonstrating the durability of the genre. The inspiration may be 1940s, but the characters and situations are strictly 1975.

Gene Hackman plays the detective, one Harry Moseby. He desperately wants to think of himself as coming from the same mold as Sam Spade and Mike Hammer, but he realizes that he is in an anachronism in his own time. His "cases" consist of tracking adulterous wives and husbands, or runaway daughters.

The present case is one of the latter. A fading movie actress hires him to find and retrieve her rebellious teenaged daughter, who is merrily bouncing from bed to bed across the country to her stepfather, who runs a tacky little charter boat service in Florida. When Moseby finds himself embroiled in intrigue and murder along the way, he throws himself heart and soul into unravelling the threads of the case.

Unfortunately, he doesn't unravel them as clearly as he might for the edification of the audience, but after the final smashing, bone-crushing action scene many may be too exhausted to care just who was doing what to whom, anyway.

(please turn to page 66)

SPECIAL FILM REPORT

BEST FRIENDS

hugh harrison

You gotta let me tell you about "Best Friends" (Crown-International).

But . . . first:

Ignore that lurid advertising campaign!

And then:

Try and forget that it was originally released on a co-bill with the dog of the year, "Death Race 2000!"

Because:

"Best Friends" belongs to that special little group of films that are considered sleepers and minor classics. You know the ones I mean, underrated little flicks that are mostly ignored when they are first released and many of which lay forgotten until they are unearthed by film societies and college groups, like "Lonely Are The Brave," "Pretty Poison," "A Cold Wind In August" and Curtis Harrington's "Night Tide." Once in a great while such a film will break out and start a raging fire at the box-office, as was the case with "Bonnie And Clyde." Hopefully the same fate awaits "Best Friends."

If it does, that ad campaign just has to go! It will attract the wrong people, who come in looking for a big dose of sex and violence and are apt to find the whole thing pretty hard to take, while it will drive away the very people who should be seeing the film and spreading the word about it. So . . . don't you be misled. This is one film that is worth every effort it might take to dig out and see.

Another warning. Now, don't go expecting some European vintage, ala Zeffirelli, Truffaut or Antonioni. This one is pure domestic, straight forward and unashamed. It makes no apologies for what it is and doesn't need to. Its attack on its story is simple and it is content to

let that story, as well as the people caught up in it, exist, all on their own terms. It never flinches but doesn't attempt to answer any questions. In fact there aren't any really asked. The whole thing just is, like life itself. This courage to be, on all levels, adds to the viewers' concern with both the people involved and the impending tragedy of their lives.

To be sure, there are psychological motivations, many of them dark and murky. It is to the credit of the film makers that they have kept the film from becoming so. These motivations abound but are superimposed on a happy group in a sunny land. It is mostly left up to you to ferret out your own reasons. There is violence in the film but it is far more implied than realized, creating some prevailing aura of doom around these bright, happy people. Early on in the film, the two guys, who are the best friends of the title, are engaged in a little target practice with a pistol. The camera moves slowly in until those loud shots are nearly unbearable, then lazily pulls back to reveal the two girls, slightly bored with the whole thing, painting their toe-nails. Right then you know and want to cry out to them all to beware, that something terrible is going to happen. But, you realize that it will all come to pass, no matter if you or they know it. They are all on a collision course with tragedy and there is just no way to stop it. You can only sit in your seat, watching and waiting. It is a scene like this one that helps to make a film memorable. "Best Friends" is filled with just such scenes.

Up to that point, the story has been a rather simple tale of two best friends — fully and beautifully



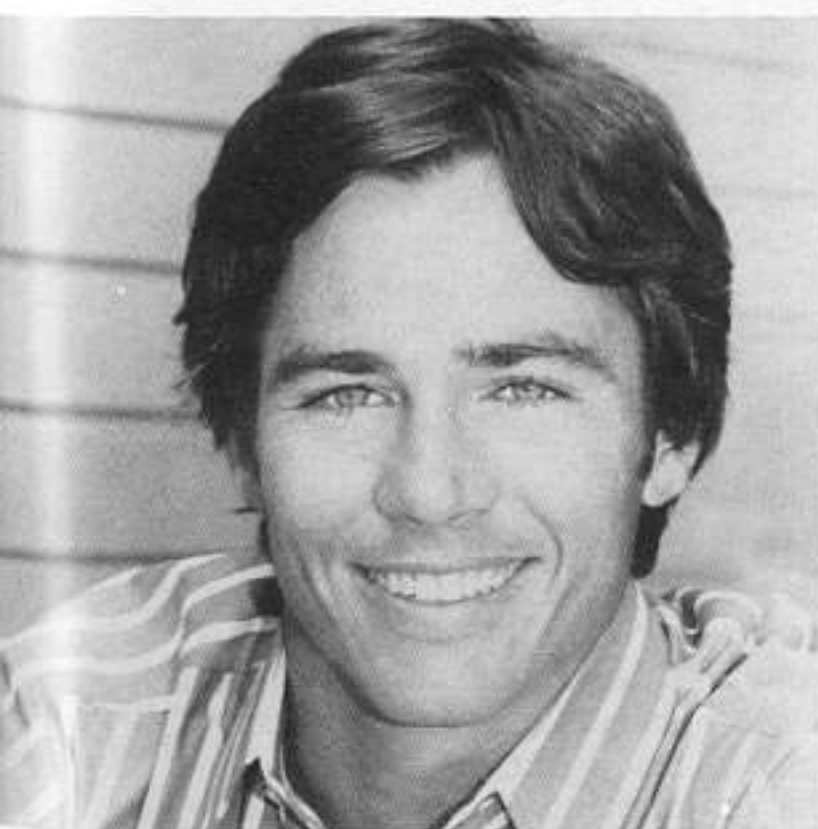
Ann Noland gives a stunning performance in "Best Friends."



Growing up together, right through high-school, Richard Hatch (in car) and Doug Chapin (standing) are "Best Friends."



The climactic fight on the beach in "Best Friends" (Crown Int.) (L-R) Susanne Benton, Richard Hatch, Ann Noland and Doug Chapin.



Richard Hatch, the young lead of "Best Friends," is well on his way to stardom.

realized performances by Richard Hatch, in a giant step to superstardom, and Doug Chapin, living a role that brings awards. Under the credits we see them growing up together, going to high school and in their army service, which is cut short when they both are wounded. The start finds Hatch meeting the plane of the more seriously hurt and scarred Chapin. It is at this point girls are first shown in their relationship. Hatch has brought both his fiancée, Susanne Benton and Chapin's girl, Ann Noland. The returning Chapin is very happy to see Hatch, less so Benton but is embarrassed and slightly cold to Noland, which she attributes to his wounded hand.

This first cloud of warning is passed over quickly and the four of them set out across country in a deluxe camper on kind of a last fling / vacation / honeymoon before they all marry and settle down to a humdrum working life. The simple prospect of this kind of life appeals to Hatch very much but not at all to Chapin. First his interest begins to drift from both the trip and Miss Noland, then in a telling scene, he exposes his lack of responsibility and the real fear of that kind of life, begging Hatch to return to their original plans, made before they went in the army, and go across country on motorcycles, just the two of them. Hatch appears worried about his friend but shrugs both the suggestion and his worry off. Chapin goes so far as to buy a bike with most of his severance pay.

The deeper problem begins to compound itself in his inability to perform sexually with his girl. Even in these intimate scenes there is still a need to relate to his friend, Hatch. The scene with the two couples in bed in the close quarters of the camper is both sad and moving. Chapin very obviously gets far greater satisfaction from shooting his gun, in that compelling target practice scene, with his best friend than from sex with Miss Noland. Then in a swift, well planned, clearly and perfectly motivated series of scenes, filled with the texture of overcast doom, Chapin breaks up with Miss Noland and urges her on into seducing Hatch, hoping to break up his romance with Miss

Benton. But, he finds himself rebuffed by Hatch, who confesses his encounter with Noland to Benton. Chapin then, in turn, first tries to kill Benton with a rattlesnake and, failing that, attempts to rape her. Now, while all this may sound a bit soapy/sappy, let me assure you that it all works and works beautifully! The four performers are totally convincing and the excellent, knowing young producer/director, Nori Nosseck is always in total control. Even the scriptor, Arnold Somkin, has managed easy naturalism in the lines, avoiding the bathos that the entire script could have so easily sunk into.

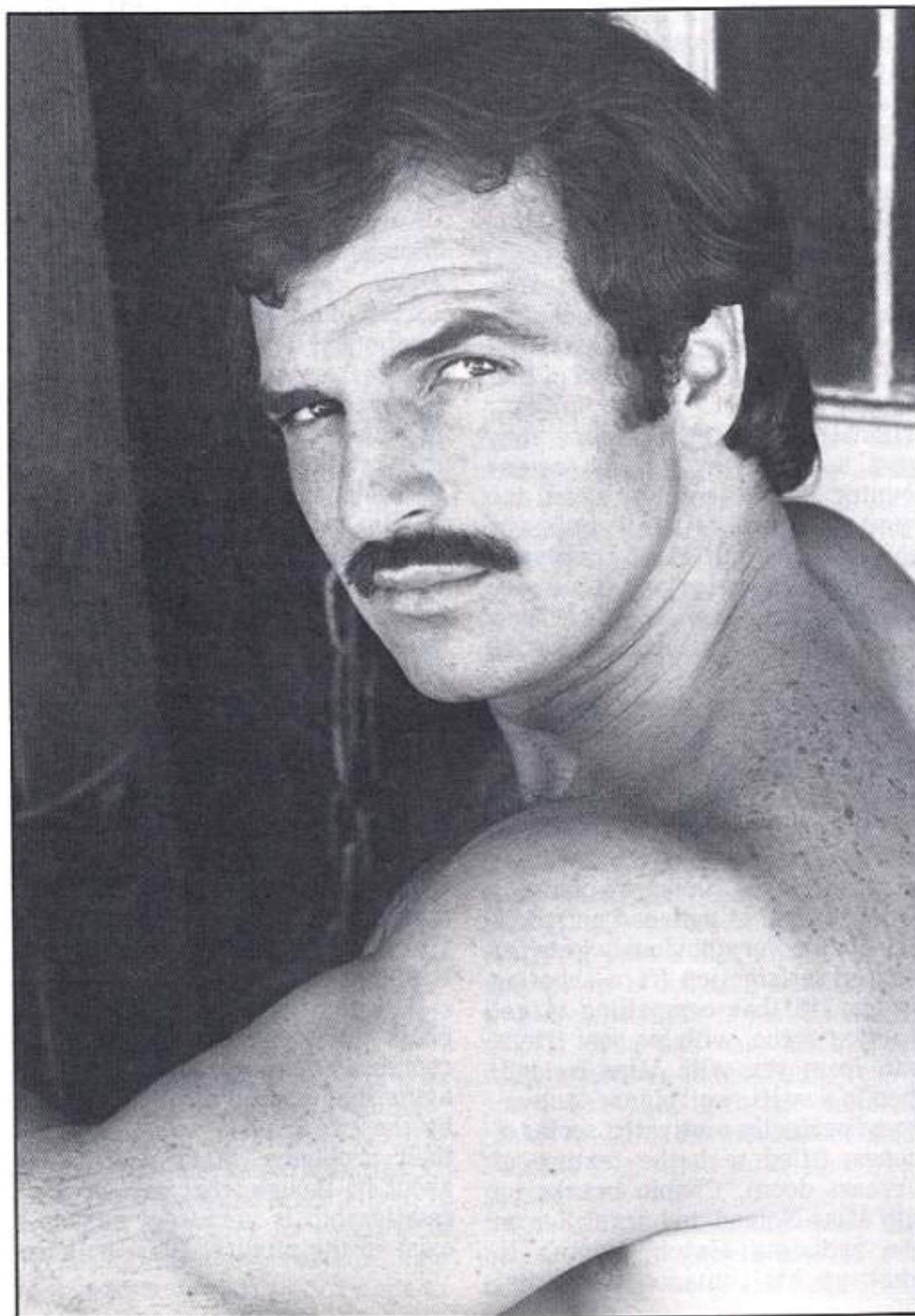
After a climactic fight on the beach where they are camped, Chapin is beaten up by Hatch and speeds away on his bike. This is the only real, visual violence in the film, which gives it twice as much power. Not only because they hurt and bleed (thankfully after only a few punches) but because there is obviously so much affection between the two fighting men. Hatch, especially, catches that infinite moment of affection for Chapin but determination to avenge his girl, as he pounds away at his friend. By playing the other scenes of violence off-screen or in shadow, this brightly lit one becomes even more a condemnation of itself. Chapin returns late that night and runs Miss Benton down with his bike, killing her. The final gripping scene has Chapin and Hatch sitting together on the beach at dawn. Hatch, sobbing for both his friend and his dead girl, while Chapin, smiling, drones on in a mindless monologue about how the two best friends can now go on with their planned bike tour, now that all the obstacles have been removed. Chapin's smiling, hoping face contrasted with Hatch's anguish and tears is not something you'll be able to soon forget.

It is far too easy in this film to chalk the boys' relationship off to repressed homosexuality and imagine that a simple roll in the hay by the two friends would solve all their problems. Make no mistake about it, though, that part of their relationship is very real and does exist in the picture. Plus, both ac-

(please turn to page 70)

Paul Barresi **MAN ON THE MOVE**

Photography by HY CHASE



A brilliant example of a gentle - sympathetic - intuitive man appears in the strong, virile form of Paul Barresi. To look at such a man strengthens one's belief that here is the finest example needed to begin a race of super men.

Paul Barresi is built as strong as any architectural wonder of this or any age. His drive and vitality is a muscle tone shaped to perfection. Each line and dimension is so sculptured and molded, any attempt to improve on his body is foolish. Being a gym owner, teacher, and enthusiast increases his desire to see this example of accomplishment remain in the admiring faces of everyone he meets. His most ardent admirer is his three-year-old son, a product of a short-term marriage.

Due to his super-sensitive attitude and the high degree of intelligence in his remarks, I felt it necessary to ask Paul if being a free soul harms his approach to emotional experiments? "I am Paul! To me there are no emotional experiments. My sexual outlets are based on a one to one basis. It's what's inside that matters. I am enchanted with a person who possesses true honor and class — in public or business, but who must be totally passionate in private.

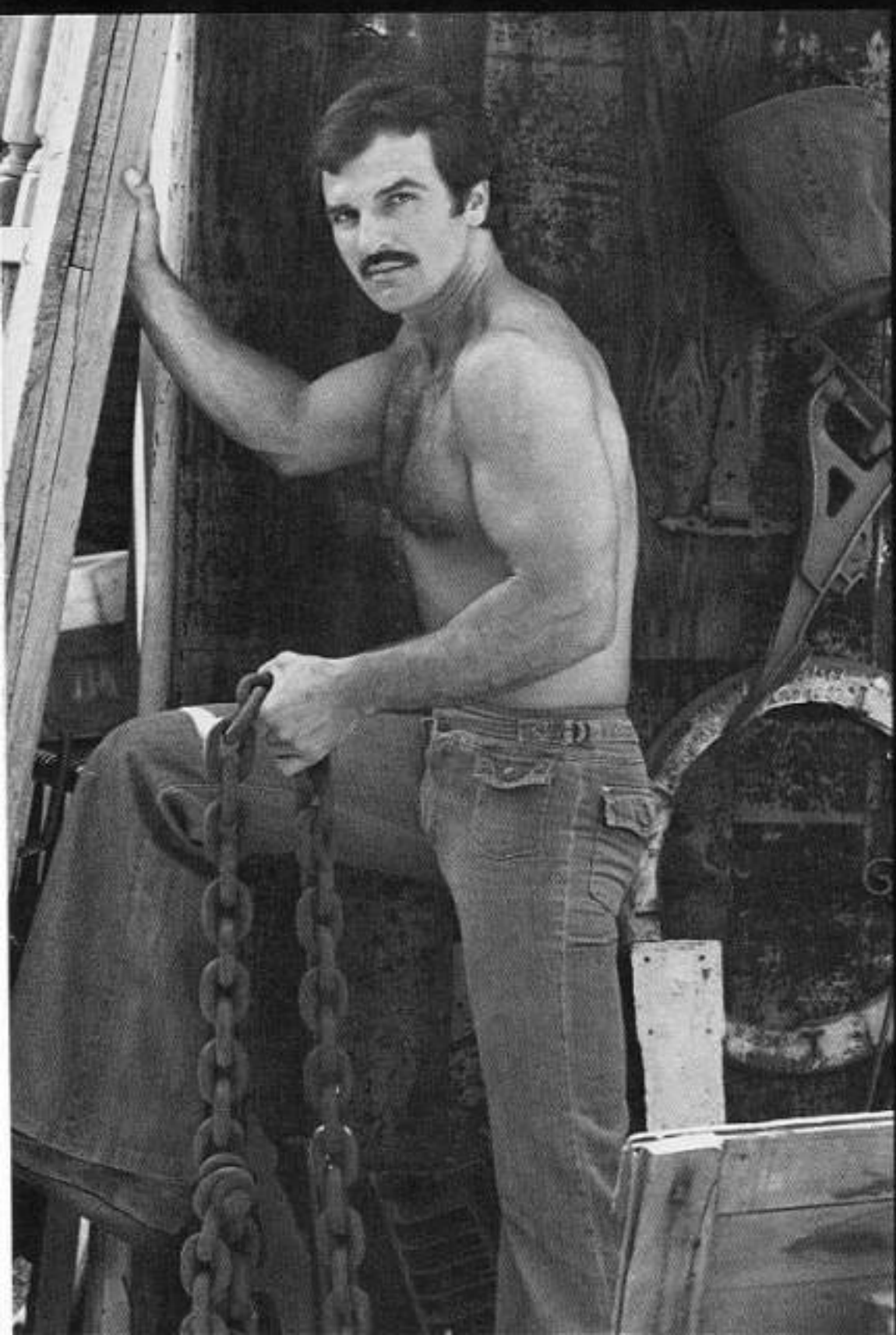
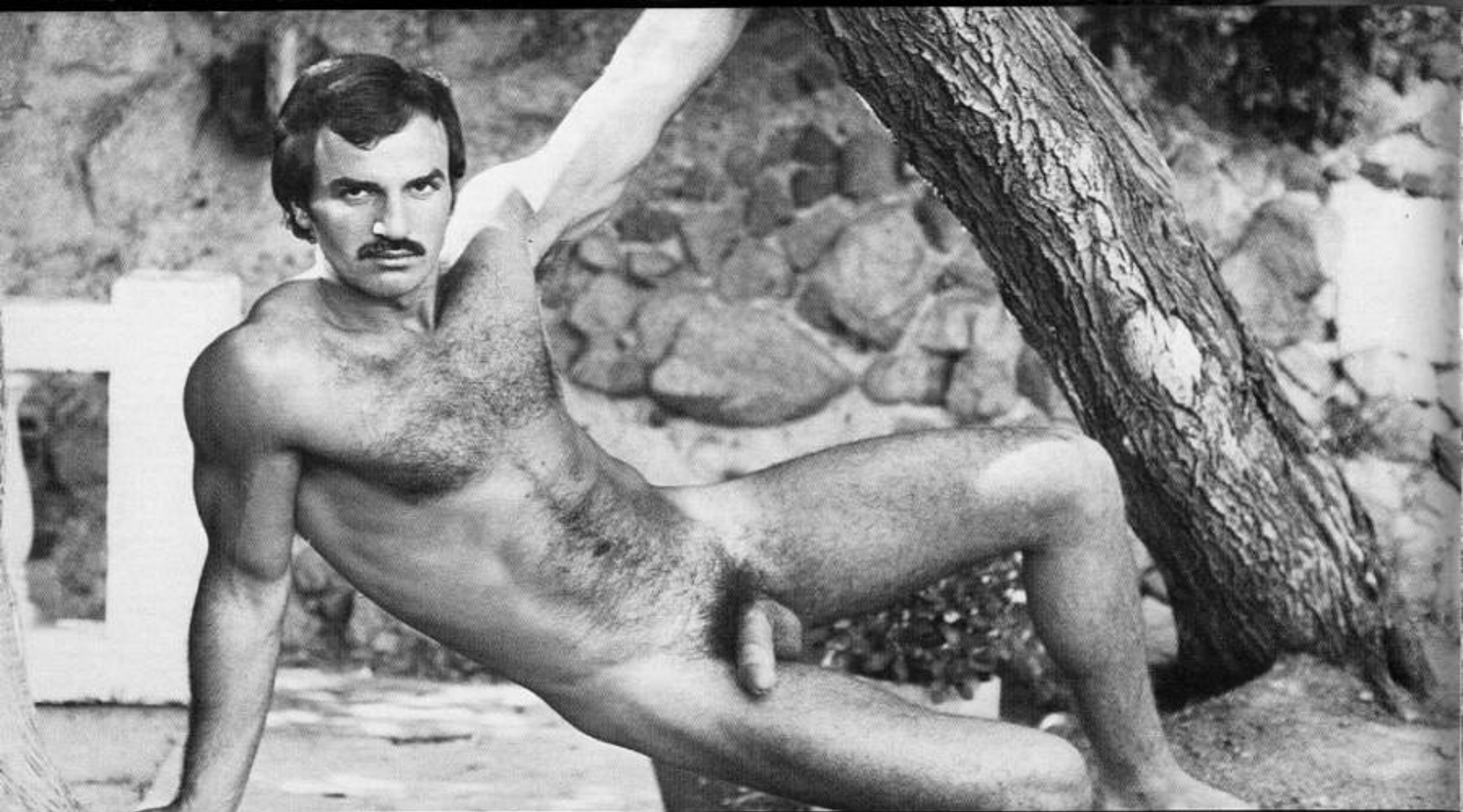
"Since I am deeply sensual by nature, I respond to real affection and love . . . not games. I am deeply hurt and offended if rejected physically, because I feel I have failed to communicate with another on an intelligent or emotional stand. I admire the qualities of experience and dependability in everyone I deal with.

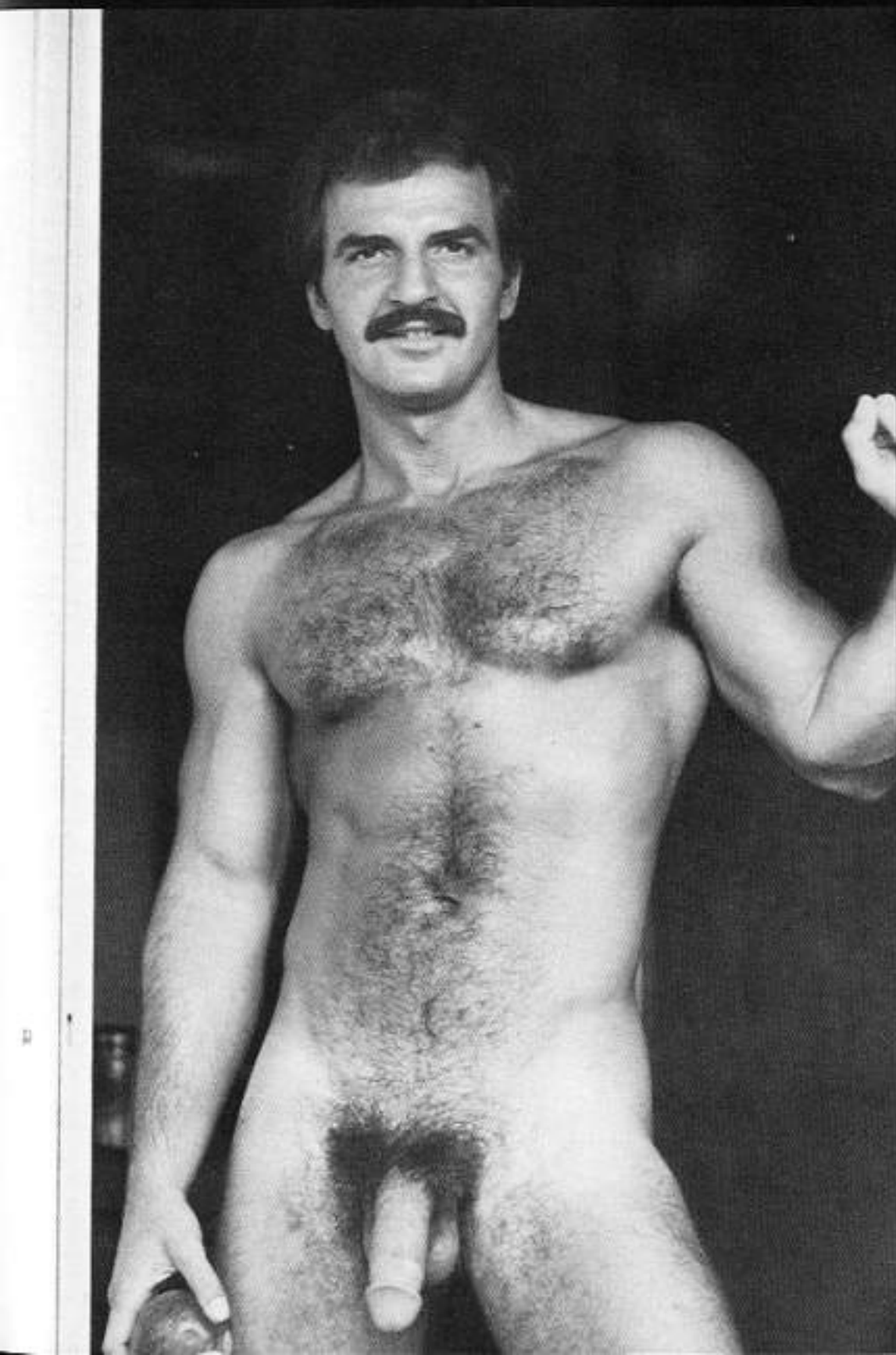
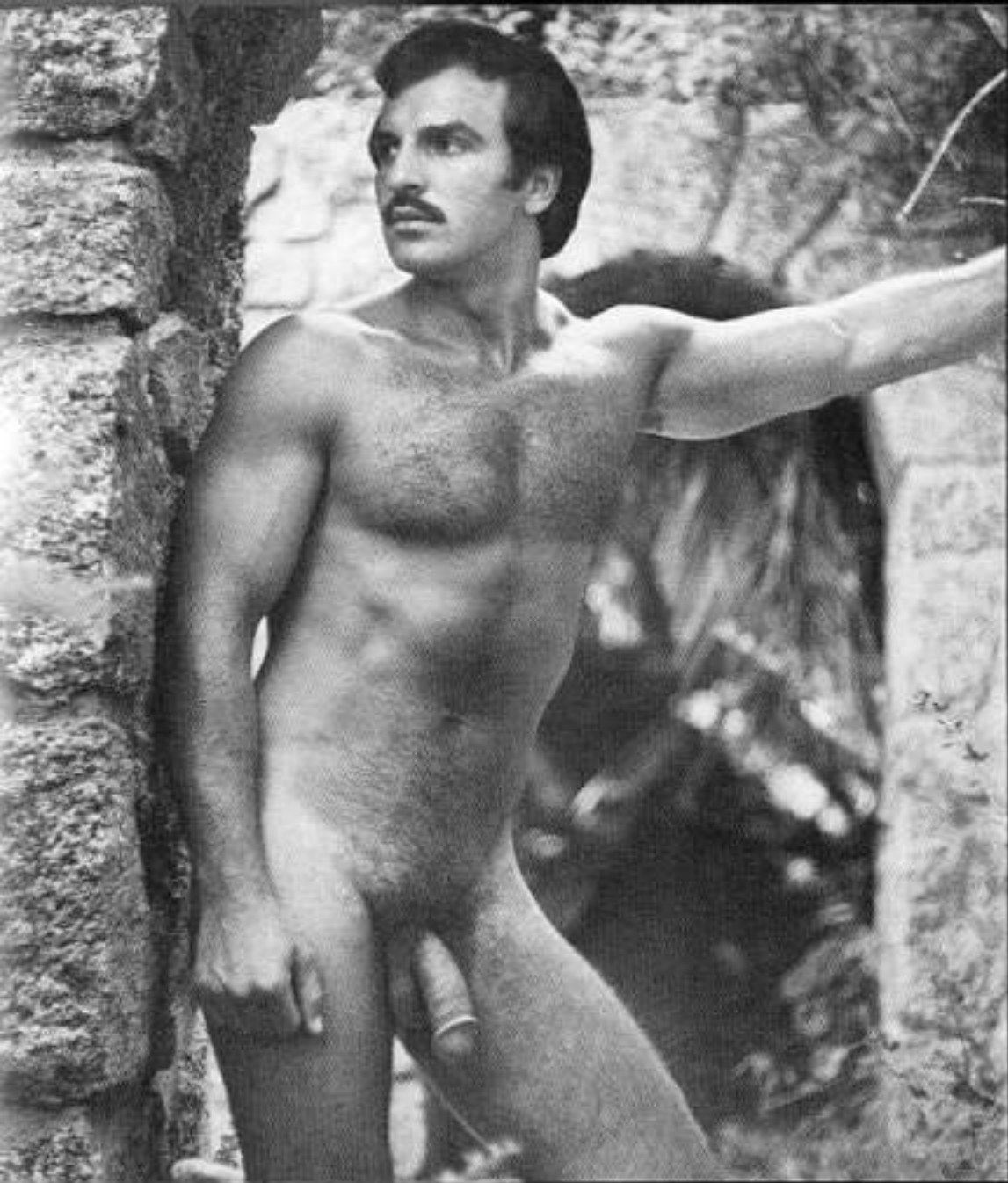
"Now that I have entered the theatre and acting (in his first year Paul landed three choice roles: 'The Wild Party' with Raquel Welch, 'Beach Red' with Cornel Wilde and 'Too Late The Hero' with Michael Caine) I feel that my ambition for success cannot be impaired by any kind of an imperfection."

With Paul Barresi there couldn't be any imperfection. He is a man strong in reliability, bold in determination, ambitious in his new career, ardent in his passions, constant in his loyalties, dedicated to the enrichment of his health and body — all full scale attributes for anyone on the move up.

Tod Johnson

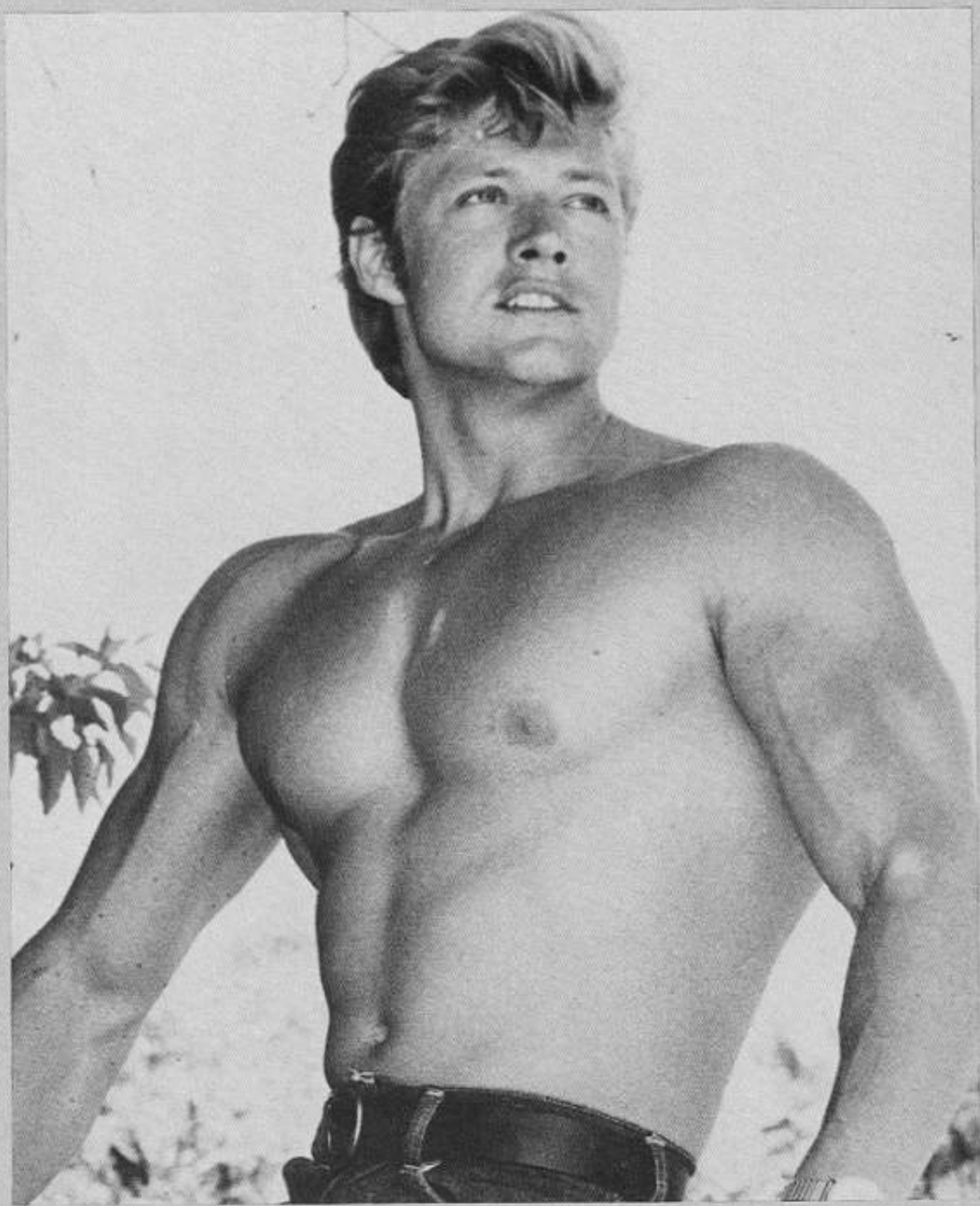




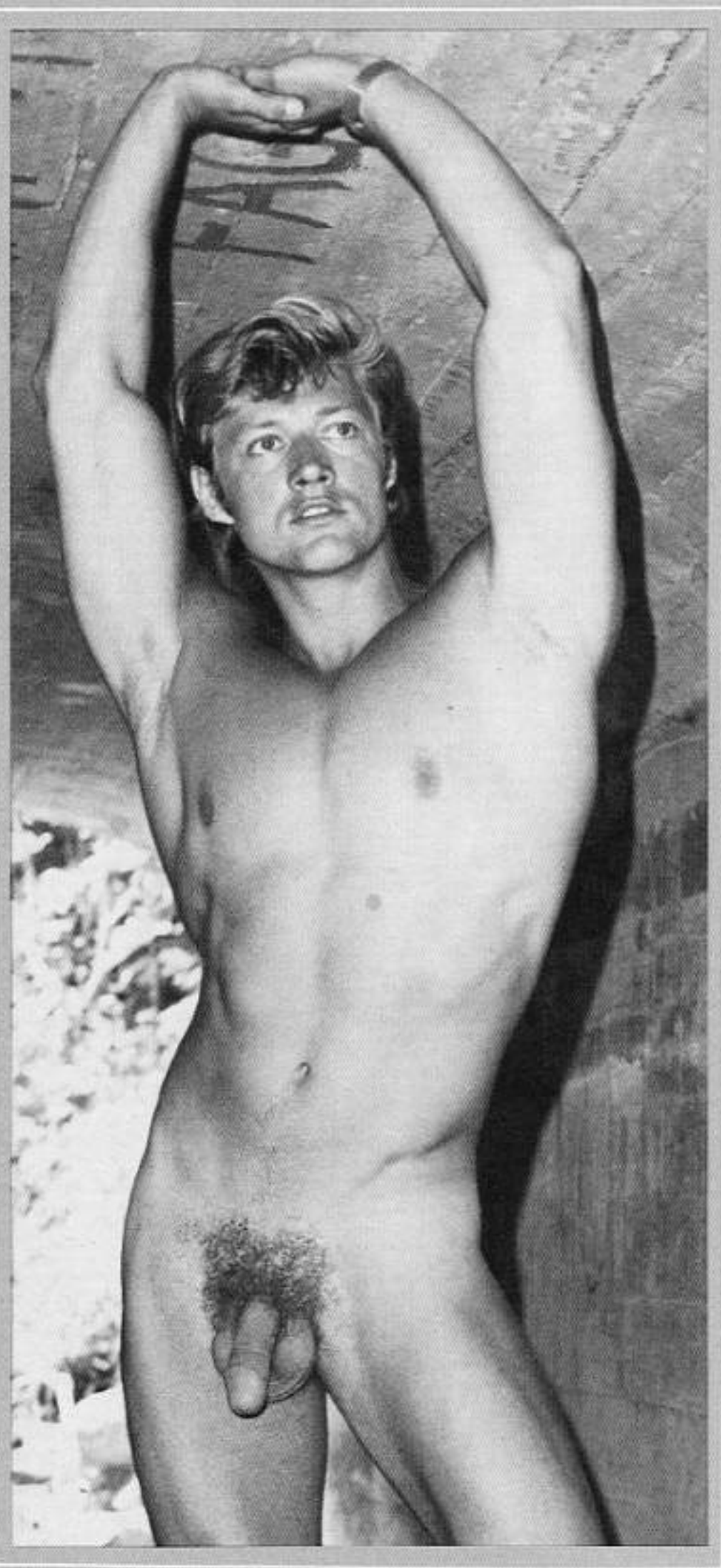
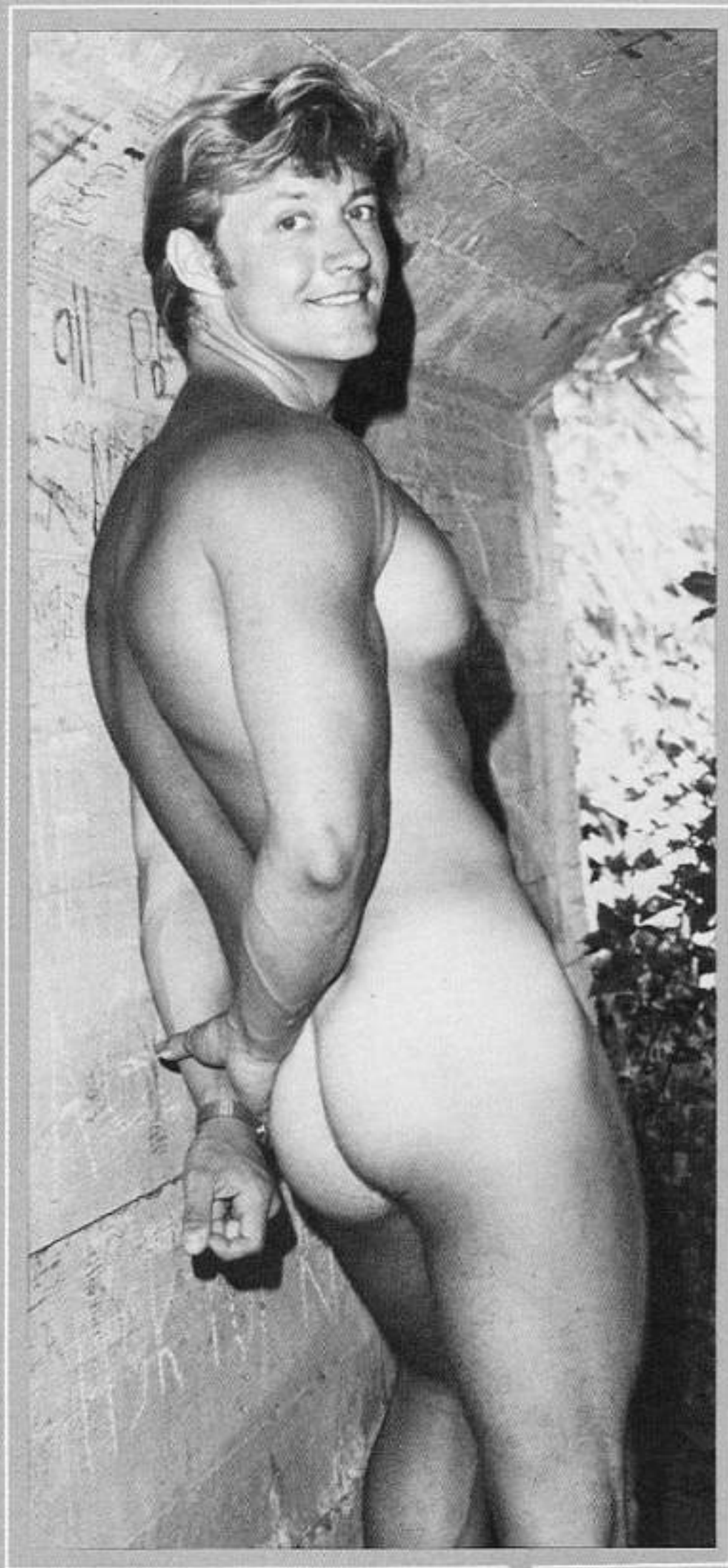




UPDATE



CASSIDY



By JOHN MARVIN

Think of gay porno films, and you will automatically think of Jim Cassidy, probably in tandem with Dakota. They are the Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald of the gaypix. Jim finds this reputation rather amusing, since in reality the two did a grand total of three films together.

"I don't know why our films caught on like that," he told me in an interview. "During the three or

four years when I was really into doing porno films I made well over a hundred of them, most of which were straight. I don't think I did more than eight or nine gay films altogether, and only the three with Dakota. And yet that's what everybody remembers.

"Of course, they saw pretty wide distribution. Like this one film we did, in which we were shown exercising for a while, and then we

Photography by PAT ROCCO

started getting it on. First it was released to theaters as a short, complete in itself. Then the footage was put into a feature film, and then another, and still a third. 'Manpower,' was one of them, and another was 'California Supermen.' I can't even think of the title of the third, but it's all the same film. I think it's even being sold in 8mm now for home use."

"Why don't any of your straight





films have such staying power?" I asked him.

"Oh, I don't think it's a question of staying power," he responded. "Everybody's gay films keep coming back, not just mine. The problem is that there just aren't enough gay films to go 'round. There's more money in straight films, because there's wider distribution. Only the very large metropolitan areas have a gay theater, but there's a straight porno house in every little village and hamlet — Ashtabula, Cucamonga, everywhere. So a lot more straight porno films get made, and the gay houses have to settle for the fiftieth re-issue of Cassidy and Dakota doing their thing."

Jim was born in New Jersey, and when he was fourteen, the family moved into a predominately rural district in Pennsylvania. The local youngsters looked on the newcomer as a "city slicker," but he adapted quickly, and even today he sees himself as essentially a country boy in the foreign environment of Los Angeles.

Like a lot of youngsters, Jim got much of his informal education from the neighborhood movie house, and it was there that he found the two idols of his boyhood — Steve Reeves and Marlon Brando, an odd couple if there ever was one.

"I remember when I was a kid, and I first saw Steve Reeves in 'Goliath And The Barbarians,' Jim told me. 'I was fourteen, five-foot-ten, and 120 pounds. A skinny little kid. Wiry, but skinny. And there was Steve Reeves, uprooting trees

with his bare hands, and pulling two horses together that were trying to tear him apart. So I said, 'Yeah, man, that's for me.' And I went right from the theater to the local YMCA and started working out in the weight room. Steve Reeves has always been the model of the kind of body I've tried for.

"And then there was Marlon Brando. I would give anything to have just one small part of the acting talent that man has. I remember seeing him in 'Viva Zapata' and hardly even recognizing him."

"So you've worked on having a body like Reeves and a personality like Brando?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" said Jim quickly. "Not a personality like Brando. Actually, he's got a shitty personality. I have to admire him for being honest always, and saying just what he thinks, but I don't think he's nearly flexible enough. I mean, if everybody wanted to be disagreeable all the time, and they were, it would be a hell of a world. You've got to know when to bend a little and to agree with someone, even though it may not be exactly what you're really thinking."

In real life, as on the screen, Jim expresses no preference for male sexual partners over female, or vice versa. His preferences are for individual people, and That Certain Someone can easily be of either sex. On screen he does what he's told, whether the partner is interesting or not, and it is a tribute to his native acting ability that he always manages to look like he's enjoying it. In his own bedroom, however, sex is not a job but a joy, and he expresses no qualms about seeking that joy with anyone of either sex with whom he finds a mutual attraction.

And more and more of Jim's sex is taking place in his own bedroom these days. A couple of years ago he began phasing out his career in porno films as he found a lucrative and pleasurable hobby in buying up older, run-down houses, repairing and redecorating them, and reselling them at a profit. He has gotten so interested in it that he recently obtained a real estate license and today Jim Cassidy, porno star, has become Jim Cassidy, full time real estate agent. ●



Jim with Sammy Davis Jr.

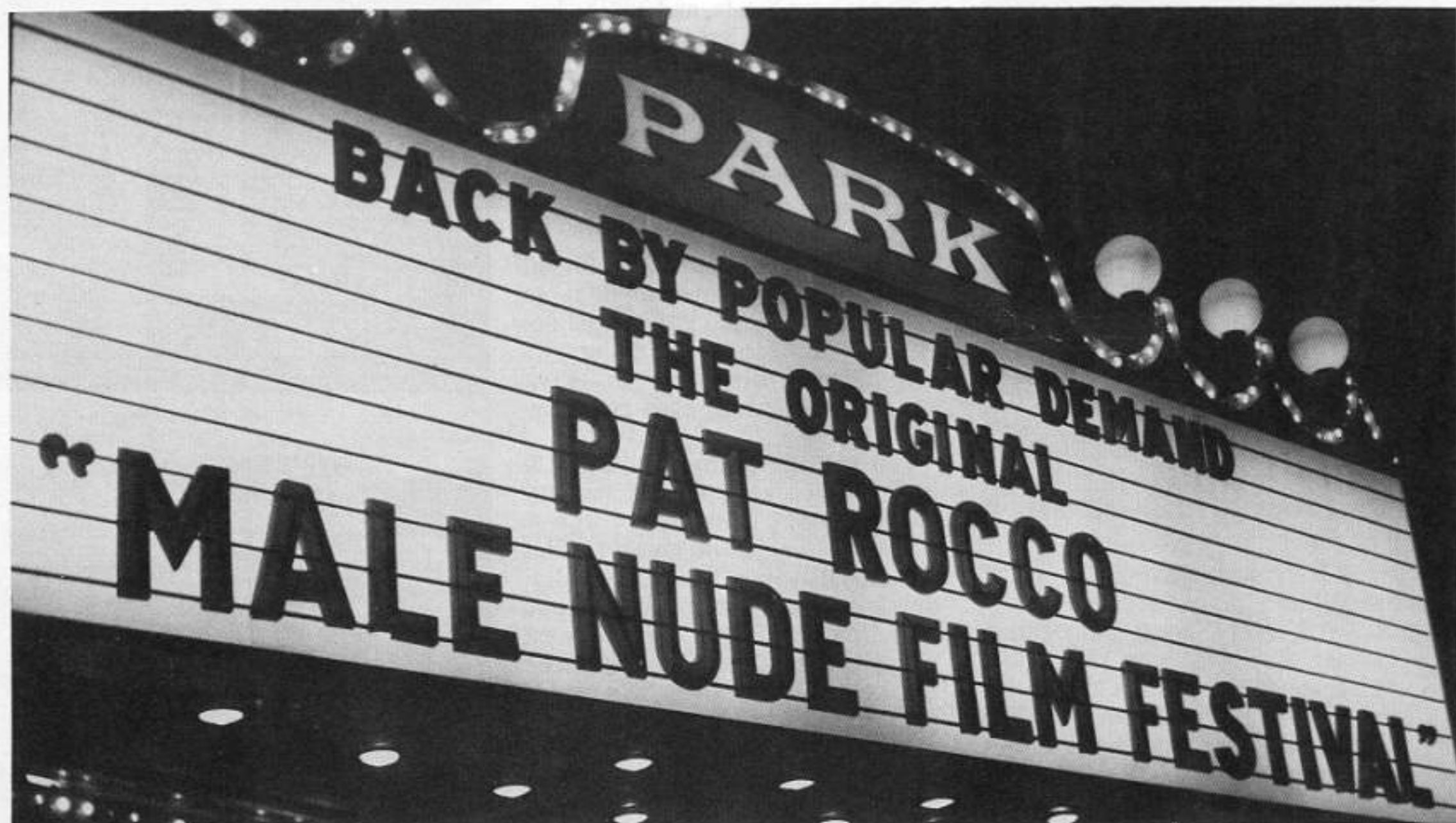


Jim with David Carradine



Jim with Marjoe





UPDATE

PROFESSIONAL INNOVATOR

By JEREMY HUGHES

The moral of Aesop's "The Peacock and Juno" is "be content with your life; one cannot be first in everything." Now, there's one fable you can be pretty darn sure Pat Rocco never ran across! As he is the first to admit: "I managed to get into a lot of firsts. It all began about eight years ago when I was running the first psychedelic shop in Hollywood, and answered an ad for a physique photographer." He got the job, of course, started making 8mm movies as well as stills, and within a year his "Bizarre Productions" had become one of the leading mail order firms in the country. Brooklyn-born Pat Rocco was ripe to launch on his journey of "firsts".

"I think Pat is one of the most public-minded photographers as has ever come along in this field. It is refreshing to meet somebody

who is not just concerned with making a buck, but who wants to do something for the community. I think we can thank him for a lot of the progress that is being made. He's been one of the most effective of them all." —Bob Mizer

In the filmmaking field, he is responsible for the first international gay film, "One Adventure," filmed in six European countries last year. His first feature, "Someone," starring Joe Adair and David Russell, was named the best gay film of all time at last spring's First Annual Billy Awards. Furthermore, it was the first gay film, when released at the Park Theatre, to receive serious — and laudatory — attention by such straight media as Daily Variety and The Hollywood Reporter.

"'Someone' is a very remarkable piece of film. Pat was involved

totally with the cinematography, with the aspect of filming something long, sustaining it, and editing it. His early films were a very important step in the liberation, the breaking-open of a whole new genre of filmmaking."

—David Russell

"Pat has always loved film. He loves a piece of film, if it's something you shot of your cat and your dog or your grandmother. I mean, he just loves the texture of film! But the only story in him, in my opinion, is a romantic piece of shit. He has never approached the homosexual problem on an adult, mature, realistic point of view."

—Joe Adair

"I'd always been interested in movies," Pat grins enthusiastically, his foot jiggling, "so I opened up a 16mm theatre in Hollywood, the first of its kind, that showed old



movies. Which, eight or nine years ago, was revolutionary! I thought people should see the old movies as they were made: complete, uncut, in a darkened theatre, with no interruptions." This was after abandoning a promising career as a singer, making records, working clubs with Phyllis Diller and the Champions, and appearing regularly for three years on the "Tennessee Ernie Ford Show."

"Pat's name kept cropping-up when I first started a church here. At the dedication of our first church, I invited him to sing — which really shocked the audience! He's one of my few friends that I can deal with on a personal level, just 'Troy' and 'Pat'. I think his major contribution as an activist has been dealing with the L.A. media, as part of the National Gay Task Force Media Commission."

—Rev. Troy Perry

S.P.R.E.E. ("The Society of Pat Rocco Enlightened Enthusiasts") was founded by Dick Sommers in 1969, and has been in constant monthly operation ever since. His black eyes flashing with pride, Pat disclaims any responsibility for having initiated the organization, but revels in the fact that "they have a complete stage show every month, different, and have developed into the first gay repertory theatre in the world!" And he lights up a king-size Kool with great satisfaction: another first!

"I think Pat's work with S.P.R.E.E. is extremely important, theatrically. He was one of the first to make male films: then, it was as a film personage; now, I know him as a dedicated, personable, important activist in the movement. He thinks in big terms, and then follows through. I personally think he's one of the nicest people in L.A."

—Sharon Cornelison

He made films dealing with the first demonstrations, films that are now a part of gay history, the only filmed records of how Gay Liberation started, particularly in Los Angeles. They are made freely available to any groups across the country "that have to do with education or gay liberation of some kind." Talking about film reminds Pat of another first: "I was the first on television, on an interview,

to show a male love-type situation, and a kiss, between Jim Cassidy and Brian Reynolds in 'Screen Test.' They showed it all on television up to the point where the boys got nude."

"Anybody that has done anything in the movement is bound to be controversial. I think I really helped drag Pat into it. He worked 20 hours a day on the Christopher Street West Carnival last year. It was a glorious experience, that whole weekend! Pat bore the major responsibility for that. I consider him a good personal friend."

—Dave Glascock



With noted film composer & conductor John Green. (Photo by Paul Gianfrido)



Demonstrating at Parker Center. (Photo by Bud McGinnis)



In an early publicity shot — 1949 — surrounded by some of the stars from his films. (Photo by James Prestridge)



With Phyllis Diller — 1975. (Photo by Frank Magill)



(Bizzare Productions Photo by Walt Blumoff) Pat with Mayor Tom Bradley — L.A., 1974.



(L-R— Morris Kight, Dave Glascock, Pat, Rev. Troy Perry. (Photo by Bud McGinnis)

**OVER
CO PRESENTS**
DE ADAIR IN "SOMEONE"
PAGE AGAIN" - LA. ADVOCATE



Being trisked and arrested — 1974.



(Bizzare Productions Photo by Walt Blumoff) Pat with Mayor Tom Bradley — L.A. 1974.



With the Vice — 1974. (Photo by Rob Cole)



(L-R— Morris Kight, Dave Glasscock, Pat, Rev. Troy Perry. (Photo by Bud McGinnis)



Not all of the firsts were moments of high achievement, however. On January 4, 1974, a number of people were arrested in L.A. for supposedly making and distributing pornographic films. According to Pat, "on that day my house was raided and occupied for 11 hours. They went through everything I had, and couldn't find anything pornographic. It was the first time, I understand, that the entire Vice Squad of Hollywood, all 16, were at one place at one time for so long. It's a kind of dubious honor," he adds, stroking his newly-grown black beard. "The trial went on for nearly a year, and in December the case was dismissed."

"Pat has also been creatively involved with trying to set up a liason with the Police Department, and helping to elect the right kinds of politicians, but never working for any profit. He has let his business practically die because of his dedication to the movement. He did the major part of the work on the Christopher Street West Carnival last year, and it certainly was a gain in establishing grounds for a breakthrough for socially-oriented gays to declare themselves."

—Jim Kepner

Pat has been involved with just about every gay organization there is in L.A., in one way or another, serving in office, doing benefits. Last year he was Chairman of the Christopher Street West Association, and organized its first Carnival, which was held on June 28, 29 and 30, day and night, all outdoors. He finds great satisfaction in the fact that "it brought straights and gays together for the first time, seeing each other, involving themselves with each other, learning about each other."

"In the movement, Pat Rocco's impact has been most potent, and always combined with gentleness, kindness, tact, and diplomacy. He has taken on one responsible chore after another, and has handled each with style. He is a perfectionist, with a unique ability to organize details. But, most of all, he always strikes the highest note of integrity."

—Morris Kight

UPDATE

the ingredient is taste CHRISTOPHER LARKIN

By ALLAN LEOPOLD

Photography by HY CHASE

Christopher Larkin is something of a milestone in the history of the gay film and an enigma to many people. He has produced a major film without a trace of hard-core pornography in it and without a "Deep Throat" stamp. He has, nonetheless, managed to get it into release in the straight movie houses. And the straight critics have written lovely things about "A Very Natural Thing." I began our interview by asking a very outrageous question but, somehow I knew this particular gentleman would be as frank with me as limpid water.

"How old are you?"

"I'm forty this year."

"Have you had any experience in making films before?"

"No. I've never had any experience in any sort of theatrical endeavor. I just decided that I'd like to make a film and I made one. I took a 12-week crash course at the New York Institute of Photography and I made one short subject as a kind of thesis project for the school. And then I began to prepare this feature, which became a sort of fantasy trip for me."

"What had you been doing to make a living immediately prior to this?"

"Renovating brownstone buildings. You might call it Architectural Interior Design."

"How did you raise the money to capitalize your picture?"

"That WAS a problem (as no one thought this movie could ever be a commercial project). I had to use my own bread until I could cut it together and show it. Then I was able to raise advertising and distribution money."

"The photography was marvelous. What sort of cameras did you use?"



"We began with 35 millimeter film in both an Arriflex and an Eclair camera. But it soon became obvious that we couldn't afford the mounting costs so we switched over to 16 millimeter. However, they did a brilliant job of blow-up and none of the critics mentioned this or perhaps even noticed it."

"When you interviewed actors did you make a proviso they be Gay?"

"Not when I started. But, after awhile, it became evident to me that gay actors would understand the story better and, therefore, be better equipped to play it honestly. I must admit to you that I came to this conclusion reluctantly."

"Was this a union production?"

"No. It was non-SAG."

"Tell me about your actors."

"Robert Joel I had known for some time without thinking of him in terms of my film. He had gone to a Theological Seminary just like the character he portrays and there are many facets to his personality. He's attractive without being the type that you fall off the sidewalk over. Curt Gareth also had many

points of similarity between his own life and that of his character. He was supposed to be a Yalie and, as it turned out, his younger brother had gone there. He comes from a Boston, upper-class family and he has a lot of that cool sophistication. There is also that all-American boy look there that I wanted. He did some Brylcreem commercials and that didn't hurt either."

"Did you find yourself getting romantically involved with your cast?"

"No. I found them exciting or I wouldn't have cast them but there was too much pressure working with them professionally for me to have any extra-curricular entanglements."

"What was the final cost of your picture?"

"Exactly a hundred thousand."

"How long did it take to make?"

"About ten months. I did this because, as you recall, I showed all the four seasons of the year in the picture. I actually waited for those seasons and I photographed them, perhaps a first in cinematic approach to reality. This is the best way to give the feeling of time passage without being phoney. This also gave me time to learn what I was doing."

"Did Curt and Joel become interested in each other during the filming?"

Christopher laughed out loud.

"Quite the contrary. They didn't get along at all. They were in competition with each other constantly."

"Do you know my favourite moment in the film? Can you guess?"

"There are several . . ."

"Well, I'll tell you. It was the attempt at reconciliation on the Ferris Wheel. I got a genuine lump

in my throat there. It makes the off-camera feud of your actors that much more uncanny."

"I'm inclined to agree with you. That was unquestionably one of the best moments in my movie."

"What do you think contributed to the uneasiness your actors had for each other?"

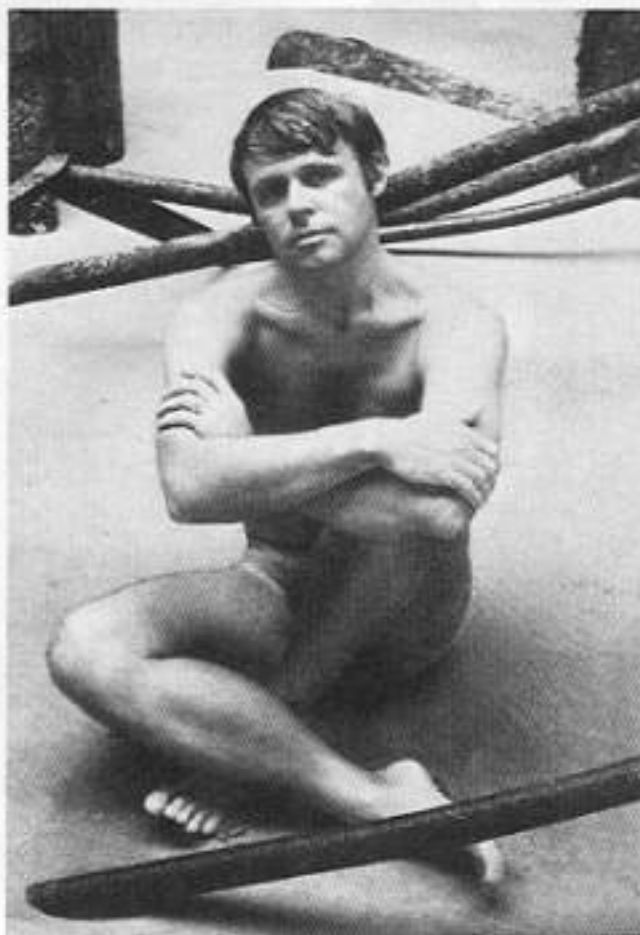
"Well, there are several obvious reasons. At the beginning, I had to make a package of the erotic scenes in the film merely to show potential backers that there was SOME sex in the footage that would bring in the boxoffice money. So, at the inception, Curt and Joel had to go to bed together on camera before they even knew each other and at a time when they could not have had the slightest attraction for each other. There was also the rumor afoot that I was secretly making a Porno film and not telling them. So it was an uneasy period. Bo White came into my film later. Actually, I had wanted to meet him for some time but he was down in St. Thomas working on 'The Bible' for Wakefield Poole. His agent finally got him over to see me and everybody flipped out. He has a very natural look and he is basically an unpretentious, very easy person. He comes from Texas and he's always been very theatre-oriented. I believe he's an orphan."

"I think you've made a marvelous point in your picture in regard to David's relationship to Mark. His possession of him destroys gay marriages."

"This is very true of the heterosexual relationship and I attempted to use it as the monogamous model for my two lovers. This doesn't work any better for gay people than it does for straight people and I don't think it works very well for them either."

"You could have saved their marriage by adopting a new and revolutionary idea that just recently has come into being in New York City. You could have had them apply for adoption of a child. Gay couples are now being considered, you know, for this. It helps to cement the relationship."

"But I'm not so sure this isn't a cop-out too. You put your problems somewhere else so you don't have to take them out and examine them and they continue to fester and



often the adopted child suffers because of this. I think this could be a terrible thing to do."

"I know of a single gay in town here who wanted a child and he tried and tried and got nowhere. Finally, they located a crippled boy nobody wanted and they gave him to my friend. It has changed my friend's whole life. Everything he does is wrapped up in that boy. Of course he'll never be normal; he'll always be crippled but they are both getting a whole new lease on life. And, naturally, it's costing my friend everything he earns but I'm sure he feels that it's all worth it. But, to get on, upon what do you base the break-up of Jason's marriage? Remember, he had a charming wife and a delightful child."

"Well, he said he had been going through changes. We all do and, basically, he was gay to start out with. He went through with a heterosexual marriage because of the pressures of society. It's the thing to do. I, myself, know many gays who have done this only to find out later in life that they have deeper needs that must be met and their marriages are not just going to work. Everything is not going to be hunky-dory like they had been led to believe. Some try to deal with it in different ways. Some slip out surreptitiously and have sex with guys. Some try to bluff it through with their wives and this often fails. Females do not like their men fucking around on the side."

"Was the Christopher Street Parade (where you have Jason and David meet) a lucky circumstance that you availed yourself of in terms of making your movie more pictorial?"

"No. That was very definitely planned from the inception. I knew exactly when it was going to take place and I planned for it. It was a good way to liberate my film and kind of open it up beyond the three people plot structure."

"I loved the way you began 'A Very Natural Thing' by having, in documentary style, various people tell, on camera, their feelings about what it's like to be gay. All this had a kind of Haskell Wexler feeling to it that was marvelous for the beginning of your picture."

(please turn to page 81)

UPDATE

ED FURY

"I Will Live Forever"

By JEREMY HUGHES

Yes, you die-hard physique fans, Ed Fury is alive and well and looking half his age and still doing occasional guest shots in television. Has he found some secret to eternal youth and beauty? You're darn right he has! Just settle back, don't light up a cigarette or mix a drink, and listen:

"I'm aiming for one thing in life, and that's longevity. For I believe very, very strongly that I will live forever in this physical body. Science has said it can find nothing in the human body to cause it to die, that death must be of a secondary

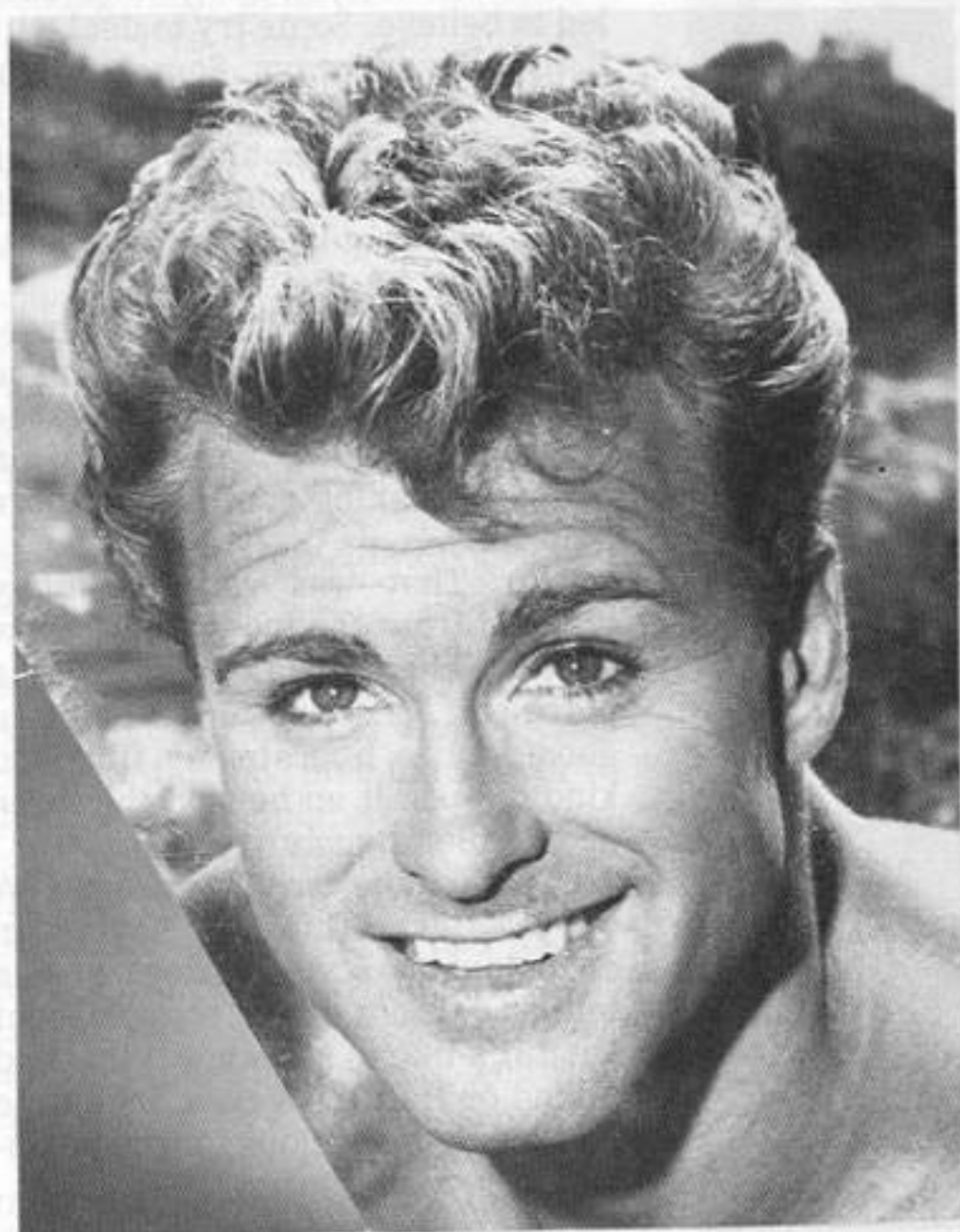
nature only, because the human body is so designed it can rebuild itself, regenerate itself, heal itself, do everything from within. If it is given the right materials to work with!

"I'm a vegetarian, 'cause, you see, meats — I don't care what kind of meats they are — contain poisons. Let me explain. When an animal dies, that life force is stopped, and the putrefaction is lodged inside. It cannot get out. Now, when we eat this meat, your body can't handle it and it stores up in your system and causes all kinds of ptomaines, poisons, uric acids,

which could lead to cancers, tuberculosis, ulcers, tumors, all kinds of rheumatisms, arthritises. These things build up over a period of time from the ptomaines, then one day — 'a startling snap of fingers' — you have what we call a cancer or some kind of an incredible disease.

"Now, I, myself, I had been eating meat for quite a while, working out like a maniac, y'know, hard, and my elbows were starting to hurt from certain exercises. So I quit the meat, kept the exercises up, and it went away." His normally powerful voice takes on the feverish intensity of a professional evangelist. "Started the meat again, same exercises, hurt again. Quit — went away. Started — hurt. Quit — ended it completely. No more problems. So that proved to me that meat is of no value.

"Now, besides that," the lecture continued, "it takes about three or four days for animal products of any kind to get out of your system, and all that time they're putrifying there. You're only poisoning yourself. So, I believe this: that you must drink only distilled water, which is hydrogen and oxygen only, which is all you need in water. You need pure air, pure oxygen,



1961

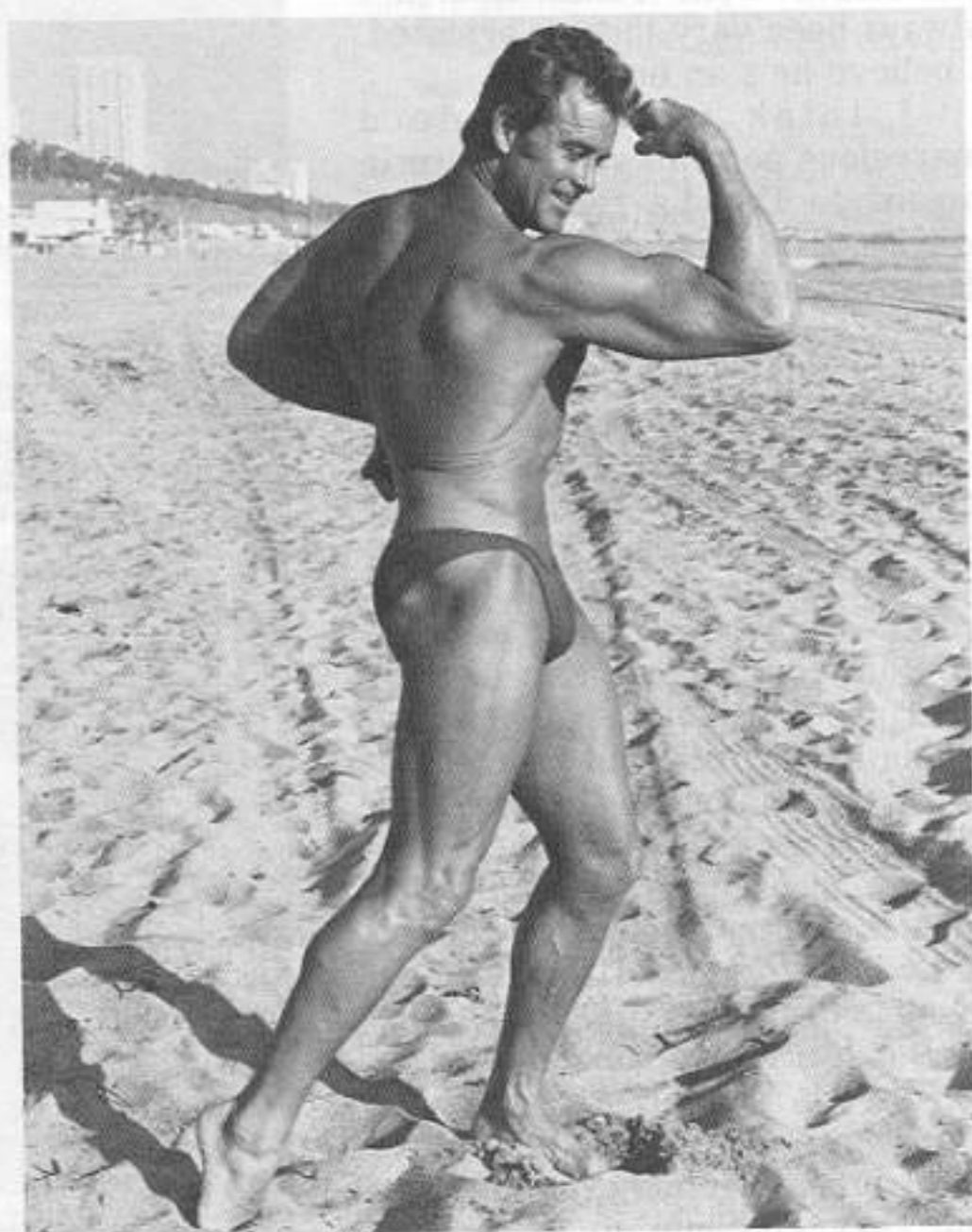
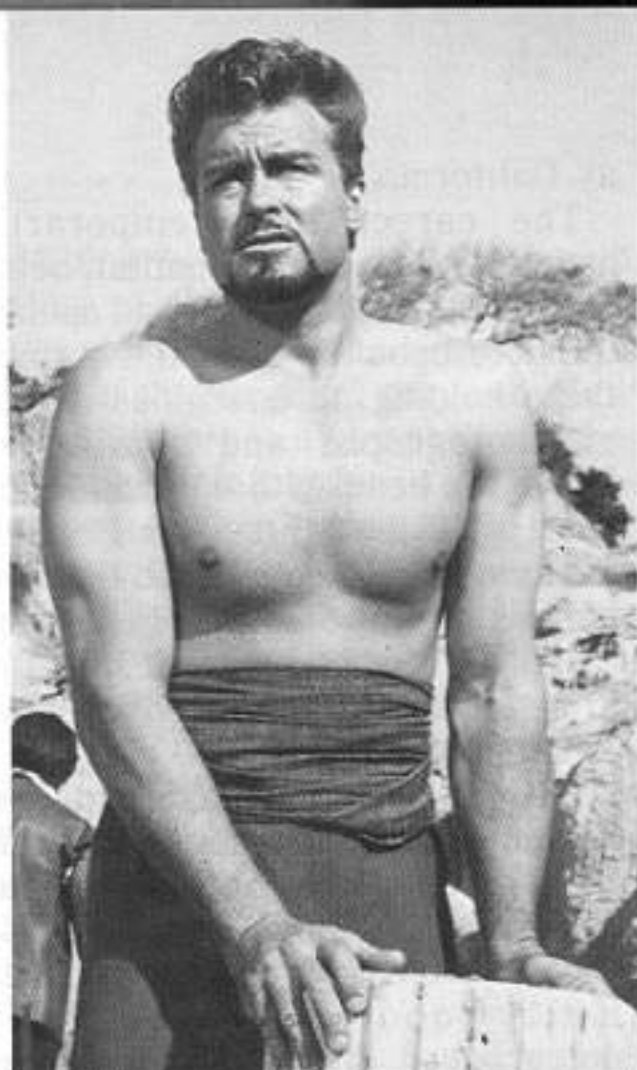


Photo: D'Lynn Waldron

1975



"Samson Against The Sheik"



"The Amazons"



"Mighty Ursus"

because air is your first food. Water's your second food. 'Food' itself is last. The thing is, people are starving as they're eating, because they're not getting nourished. Now this is vitally important — **nourishment!**

"You eat only for one reason: to nourish the cells that have been torn down through your daily activities. When you replenish the source within your system, it must be from a live, vital force, not dead matter. **Not** processed garbage. **Not** the chemicalized foods which we have all over our supermarket shelves. So I do this — I eat natural foods, basically organically grown. I exercise. I run. I swim. I work out with weights. I try to maintain a very good mental equilibrium. This is vitally important. Try to utilize all the things I have within myself. Try to live as close to nature as possible.

"Have something to occupy your mind, keep it going constantly, to keep your body active. Ninety percent of the people have no definite set pattern of what they're gonna do or why they're gonna do it. They think, 'Well, O.K., we gotta do this, we gotta get a stimulation for this,' so they hit the liquor, which is destructive to the tissues. They hit the bad meats, destructive to the entire body. They suck on cigarettes, which is extremely bad for you — leaches out the vitamin C which holds the cells together. When the vitamin C goes, the cells

go, and when the cells go it brings disease, and disease brings decay, and decay brings death. **Finito!**

"We think everything is so important, our little life, our little itty bitty existence we think is so great on this little earth, this little speck of dust somewhere in the universe. We get too concerned with our minute little problems, which can be changed, altered, or taken away in an instant!" Another sudden snap of fingers. "So I can simply say, it is to live as close to nature as possible, to be as happy as you possibly can, and to enjoy yourself. That's what we miss — the big thing. We do not enjoy ourselves!"

All of the above, and much more, was in response to my simple question of how he, Ed Fury, managed to keep in such great shape. Surreptitiously shielding my pack of Carltons with my notebook, I next learned that this California-born-and-bred muscle and movie star had always been interested in sports of all kinds, but then he found that he needed more energy, and also wanted to increase the size of his body in order to enter physique contests. He had encountered "some guys around the beach," and started working out with weights. Soon, he began meeting physique photographers, and getting his pictures in the magazines, and building up his publicity.

He started entering those contests, and winning "from 'Mr. Venice Beach' to 'Mr. Ocean Park,'

finally to 'Mr. Los Angeles,' 'Mr. Pacific Coast,' 'Mr. Florida.' In others, I placed high, seconds and thirds, winning best subdivisions in many, like 'Best Legs' all the time, and 'Most Muscular.' Then finally from this I came into contact with Joshua Logan, who auditioned me here for 'Fanny,' and I went to New York and understudied the juvenile lead in that musical for about a month, then I took over the role for, oh, six months. Then I got to do a part in 'Wish You Were Here,' in Dallas, with Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy, for about a month, after which I came back to California.

"Through these shows, and my physique, I got another contact to do a film in Italy, 'The Amazons,' co-starring with Rod Taylor, back in 1960. Following that pattern, I stayed there for approximately five years and starred in six films in all, including the three Ursus films. Then back here again and various guest appearances in various episodes of the various leading TV shows. I've done every television series there is. Just all of them. No need to list them all. Not really huge parts, but small parts that were important parts."

This extremely articulate, highly-animated, handsome hunk of mature man finds astrology "a fascinating and interesting subject" because "all of us are a composite of the universe. For instance, the earth is an electromagnetic source. Throughout

ED FURY

(continued from page 61)

the universe you have electric impulses that are constantly being shot upon the earth. Therefore, we have certain moods we go through and we're controlled by certain planetary influences. The human being responds.

"According to astrology, each person has a sun sign, a rising sign, and a moon sign. These are placements in a chart where, at a person's time of birth, you see how these planets would leave an influence upon him like a fingerprint. You will find, I'm quite sure, that each individual that has succeeded in life, was **destined** to be successful, through certain planetary influences. You can take a normal chart of a person and 'progress it' for, say, 30 years from now. You can tell when sickness might occur, certain things to watch out for, certain times to make a move, certain times to hold back."

He pauses for breath, then asks "Where was I?" His constant com-

panion, the spectacularly-stacked Sheri Lewis (former wife of physique star Reggie Lewis) comes to the rescue: "You were talking about charts, honey." Ed smiles warmly at her, then "Oh, yes. Well, you see, I'm a Gemini, and Geminis have a tendency to drift." He laughs pleasantly, and for another hour or so drifts speculations regarding the mummifying effect of the pyramid, his belief in intelligence throughout the universe, and the complete itinerary of a round-the-world promotional trip.

"Then, the bottom started to drop out of those Hercules kinds of pictures. So I started going in another direction, in a more modern type of picture, which was quite difficult, because I was so typed. I had to explain to them, as I've had to explain to many producers and directors back here, that I had done 'Fanny' on Broadway, that I'm a trained stage actor, that I'm a trained singer, that I am versatile as an actor, that I am not just one thing. But in their minds I was still Ursus, and that was it. So, with that in mind, I left 'sunny Italy' and shot back to 'sun-

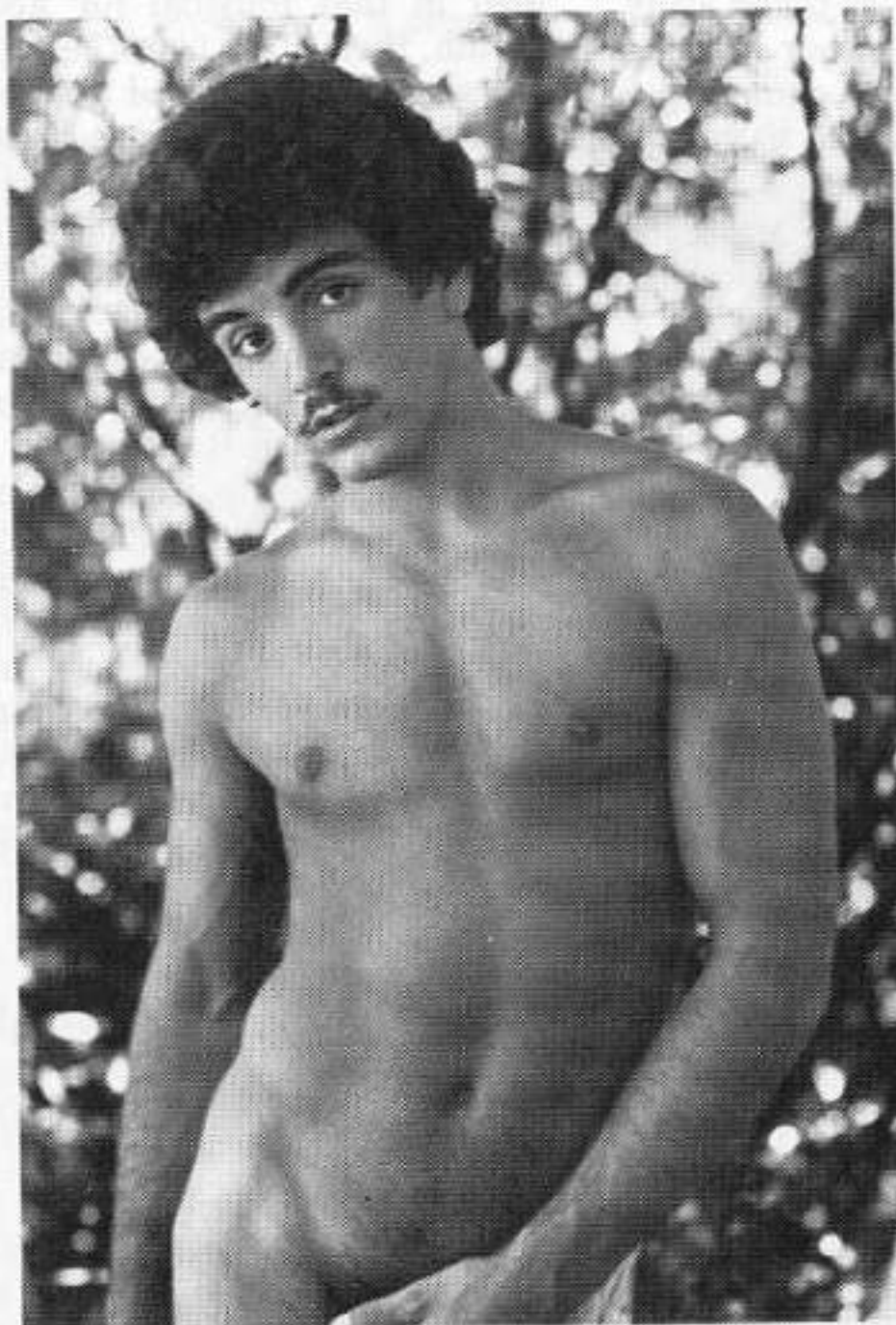
ny California.'"

The career may temporarily have faltered, but the human being certainly hasn't. When I had opened the door upon his arrival, he stood there holding an enormous carton of photographs and scrapbooks above his head with one hand, and Sheri with the other. Now, he left the same way, and I closed the door behind them completely enervated. Barely had enough strength to reach for that hidden pack of Carltons.

(ED. NOTE: Ed Fury will cast personal horoscopes for IN TOUCH readers. Send \$20., along with your date, time, and place of birth, to Ed Fury, 6729 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91606. An autographed picture will be included.)



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gaining his trust and learning his story. Unlike any medical drama, the story is, besides being chilling and frightening and gory, absolutely applicable to every person sitting in the theatre as well as the characters on stage. The other characters, whose stories and viewpoints are revealed through interviews with the doctor include the boy's mother, a religious fanatic; his father, a no-nonsense working fella; the stable owner; and the stable owner's daughter, whose attempted intimacies with the boy are the immediate factor that sets off his insane mutilation of the horses.

The most powerful and nerve-shattering scenes, however, are the flashbacks — slowly and at first reluctantly revealed by the boy. At these times, the simple set is transformed into a stable and five young men dressed in brown body suits with heavy metal wire hooves and horse heads come out to represent the horses. As the boy enters the stable and the horses stamp their hooves and move in their

stalls, I'm sure there isn't a person in the audience who doesn't feel that strange, forboding fear one feels in the presence of large strong animals. The boy had begun secretly taking the animals out for midnight rides — wild, fierce gallops over the moors; the boy free and naked astride the bare back of the powerful beast, the wind in his hair and the moonlight bathing his fair skin. The reenactment of one of these rides (as the climax to Act I) is fairly breathtaking. I have ridden many horses in many situations (I am from Kentucky after all), but watching this scene opened up whole new sexual images and visions I had never dreamed of. As the boy reached a sexual climax at the crescendo of his ride, I very nearly did, too. And, although I'm sure she would deny it, the middle-aged lady tourist sitting behind heaved a most audible sigh as the lights went down on the spent boy and panting horse.

Peter Firth plays the boy. What can I say? He is wondrous! Although not classically beautiful, continued performances in roles like this one will make him one of

the heart-throbs of our day. I would love to see him in movies — I was sitting fairly close and could therefore see tiny facial expressions and subtle changes that the motion picture camera could make fine use of. His inter-play with the impeccable Mr. Hopkins is divine. Roles like these are rare and it is our good fortune that two such amazing actors were selected to play them.

The lead roles are changing on Broadway on June 30. Anthony Perkins will assume the role of the doctor — we are all aware of what a fine actor he is — and Thomas Hulce will portray the boy. Mr. Hulce is making his Broadway debut in the role after a lot of work on TV and in the movies. I, for one, am anxious to see these two new interpretations and am making my reservations now. This play will no doubt become one of those eternally revived masterpieces to exhibit the talents of various great actors in the future. The lead roles offer magnificent challenges for endless interpretations.

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(please turn to page 64)

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EQUUS (continued from page 63)

erotic, this play is good for your soul. I wouldn't dare attempt to paraphrase Mr. Shaffer's great dialogue but there is a speech in the second act where the doctor questions his moral right to tamper with the boy's mind and emotions. It does us all good to be reminded that our definition of sanity is at best arbitrary. The boy had learned, both literally and figuratively, to gallop — while most of us are content to trot, canter, or merely walk. Who can say that those among us who choose to gallop should be taught for "their own good" to slow down. True, in their headlong rush, they may harm others or themselves as this boy did — but at least for a time, he rose wild and free with the wind in his hair. When you leave the theatre after "Equus," thanks to this tragic child, you, too, have smelled the heather and tasted the sweat of the powerful, forbidden horse.

—Lee Black Childers

GIVE 'EM HELL HARRY (continued from page 37)

two hours he's never offstage and he never stops talking. The overall problems confronting him here are far more formidable than those he encountered as Will Rogers. Harry was a peppery President. When aroused, he shot out torrents of words that vented his spleen and air-conditioned it. He was also much given to speechifying. He was fond of spitting out twenty syllables at a time when three would suffice. Mr. Whitmore never misses a beat or cadence of Harry's peculiar Missouri speech and he has meticulously memorized a veritable cauldron of rhetoric that seems to simmer at the surface. That this could be accomplished at all, regardless of how well Whitmore does it, is no mean feat. Indeed, it is an authentic triumph and the standing ovation tendered him at the conclusion is both fitting and proper.

But, in composing this paean to an inimitable maverick, playwright Gallu is more concerned with resurrecting history than in performing a viable artistic service. A valid dramatic concept is needed to translate facts into compelling drama. Without it, you wind up with a meticulously mounted pageant which, I rather fear, is the

case here.

As the centerpiece, Whitmore is too canny an actor to let his play droop at the edges. Through the sheer weight of his talent he infuses the play with more driving force than it actually has.

Through Mr. Gallu's careful research we learn that General MacArthur was fired because he was attempting to deal directly with Japan, by-passing the Oval Office. We discover Joseph McCarthy carried a bottle of booze in his brief case, which he polished off daily. But the most startling news of all appears to be that Bess was Shotgun Champion of Independence High. When asked:

"Isn't there some way you can get Harry to stop using the word manure?"

She is rumored to have responded:

"It took me forty years to get him to use that."

There are other examples of famous quotations of the period:

Lady Astor: (addressing Churchill):

"You, sir, are quite drunk!"

"You, madam, are quite ugly but, by tomorrow morning, I shall be indisputably sober."

There is a catalogue of folksy Truman homilies:

"96,000 farmers to meet my train? Impossible to get that many at milking time or you're going to have one hell of a run of butter-milk!"

About John F. Kennedy's father:

"It's not the Pope that worries me. It's the Pop."

"It's what you learn after you know it all that really counts."

There are examples of Truman's pioneering against bigotry:

"If you're gonna keep a black man in the gutter, there has to be a white man in the gutter to keep him there!"

And there are flashes of the Truman wit:

"A horse got to kicking around and got his foot caught in the stirrup. The man looked down and said:

'Look, if you want to get on, I'll get off.'"

Lastly, "Congratulations, Tom Dewey" is a love of a song and Mr. Whitmore sings it rousing well. So, congratulations are certainly in order for him. But I'm not so sure about Mr. Gallu.

—Allan Leopold

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CAPTAIN FANTASTIC
(continued from page 40)

with the old group. There are no more in the can that haven't been released. Only, I must admit that I do have this funny feeling that all the stress and the changes brought about by those shifts in personnel will only drive this truly talented performer and writer on to even greater heights. At least that's what I'm hoping for!

In any case Elton John has given us "Captain Fantastic and The Brown Dirt Cowboy," you really can't ask for too much more. Most other performers would be ready to happily call this L.P. an entire career!!

—Hugh Harrison

NIGHT MOVES (continued from page 41)

Hackman projects just the right sense of resignation co-mingled with frustration at being a dinosaur in an urban world, and each of the supporting roles is ideally cast and skillfully developed.

Particularly outstanding are Janet Ward as the client, who remembers fondly the good old days when her tits were up for grabs, Jennifer Warren as a cynical lady who is involved in things somehow, and Edward Binns as a world-weary film director. Ben Archibeck plays the by-now-obligatory "fag" as a little less of a caricature than he might have. Don Johnson's fans will get a good look at a whole lot of his long-time girlfriend, Melanie Griffith, who plays the object of Hackman's sarch, a simpering "Lolita" who is forever getting out of her pants . . . and into those of any convenient male. James Woods and Anthony Costello are two convenient males.

"Night Moves" is an action picture in the grand old Hollywood tradition, and a compelling character study in the bargain.

—John Marvin

MONTREAL MAIN (continued from page 41)

represents an interesting outpost on his ever-widening horizon; for Frank, Johnny represents an ambiguous combination of surrogate offspring and love object. But everyone around him recognizes

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and over-emphasizes the latent homosexuality of the friendship, and societal pressures force them to stop seeing each other. The film suggests that without the beacon of the older friend for guidance, Johnny will drift aimlessly into activities far less healthy for him than any he would have experienced with Frank.

Vitale plays himself as a part-time liberal, a man whose commitment to the counter-culture is more intellectual than real. He dabbles with alternate life-styles like a man at a buffet dinner, but always from a firm base of unquestioned middle-class heterosexuality. In one hilarious scene he decides to try a homosexual experience, and he goes not to one of his knowledgeable gay friends, but rather to his best buddy and fellow dilettante, "Bozo" Mayle, an amiable and attractive young Tommy Kirk type. Bozo is as straight as Frank, but he's also willing to experiment, and they become engaged in a clumsy mutual masterbation session in which neither one has the faintest idea what he is supposed to be doing. Frank: "Okay, what do we do now?" Bozo: "I don't know. Get out the manual, I guess!" And later, after Bozo has managed a tentative erection — Frank: "There! How does it feel?" Bozo: "Silly!"

Outside of film festivals such as Filmex, and occasional college and art theater screenings, "Montreal Main" seems destined for rather limited exposure, which is unfortunate since it is a provocative and largely successful film. It seems a shame that the most widely distributed pro-gay film to date should be the fair-to-maudlin soap opera "A Very Natural Thing," while such ambitious little films as "Montreal Main," "A Bigger Splash," and the older "Winter Kept Us Warm," "Sticks And Stones," and "Special Friendships" should be almost unknown, even to gay audiences. ●



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CYCLE



By JEREMY HUGHES

Sociological watersheds are, rather more often than less, apt to be dreary: the ice age, the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, the birth of Richard Milhous Nixon. Not so with the advent of the Cycle Sluts, trying out their heartbreakingly hysterical revue at the Sunset Strip's Roxy last June. If they are not what's happening now, today, they are, at the very least, early tomorrow.

They enter, doing the "strut," in dark raincoats and glasses topped with multi-colored frightened wigs that would make a 57th Street hooker blanch. Then, one by bare-assed one, these very masculine nine men strip down to cerise and glitter mini-drag, readying themselves for the "Miss Bike Buddy America Contest," easily one of the most brilliant travesties staged since the height of commedia dell'arte.

There followed two acts of near-constant astonishment: solos, duets, trios, one-liners, two-liners, sketches, tap dancing production numbers, all over the stage and out in the audience (a spectacularly successful use of space), sending up hairdressers, Beverly Hills, The All-American Boy, Louisa May Alcott, Hollywood, Bicentennial Minutes, themselves, us, the world. And, sitting there, watching them, immersed in them, striving for a means of evaluation, your critic reluctantly concludes that, for this

'SLUTS'



happening, there is absolutely no frame of reference. At long last, labels have become meaningless.

No, it was not all perfection. Not quite yet. But while the Hollywood number was not quite on target, it came, as a necessary change of pace, quite close. "Roy Dean" was overdone, lyrics were lost, and the use of occasional falsetto was a major mistake. There was the inevitable second act letdown, starting out with a "Little Women" sketch much too reminiscent of the one with Hermione ("I'm the pretty one!") Ginkgold that closed the first act of John Murray Anderson's "Almanac" in 1953.

However, that's admitted nit-picking. Michael Shawn, who conceived and staged — nay, choreographed — the production, is surely a genius of bizarre, and writer Dennis Tracy Quinn has an eagle eye for the other side of the coin. Musical director John Beal and his versatile band (dig that old-time Dixieland!) also made a more than positive contribution.

But those men themselves — bearded, moustached, mascarred, lipsticked — were all. Their Fourth of July finale left the exhausted audience on its feet, screaming, laughing, clapping, crying. A profound statement had been made: when touched with art, even the outrageous becomes acceptable.

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tors have the power and courage to approach that part of the problem head-on, avoiding nothing in its implications. But there is more, much more, to the film than just that one thing. There is more to the personalities involved, too. For example, Chapin's badly scarred hand, a war wound, and the repeated casual acceptance of guns and easy violence and death — like the sneak killing by Chapin of an old, drunken Indian after a fight in a bar — are just as important. Then, too, it comes to grips with that male/male syndrome that prevades our society — girls doing girl things, boys doing boy things. That little id killer gets a hard going over here. Take that bar sequence, again, for example. Chapin is outraged when Hatch is attacked by the drunk and secretly avenges him but he only urges Noland on while she does a drunken strip, offering almost no opposition when someone makes a pass at her or yells out loud, obscene catcalls. For me, the most important point was its clear and bitter denouncement of the current inability to cope with reality and the escape

from growing up, like the generation that produced these two friends, feeding themselves only love then being thrust into the harsh reality of war and killing and simply not being able to cope with any of it.

One final word about the actors. In the wrong hands any one of these roles would have sent the entire picture down the tubes. Fortunately, in these four, fine, young performers we have almost total perfection, plus something seen all too rarely on the screen today, ensemble playing — the people relating to each other as honestly as possible without that big star performance acting that mars so many other films. Many of our so called stars today should see this film just to learn.

Doug Chapin has the best man's role and does it to a perfect turn. Never overplaying, he makes Pete both pathetic and terrifying at the same time. I can only repeat, this is the kind of role and playing that awards are won for. Susanne Benton has very little to do except to look pretty and scared in turn. It is to her credit that she does this without ever cloying once, such is

the reality she invests her part with. There is such a real forthrightness in her playing that you find you really care about the girl. The part in lesser hands could have been really dreary.

If anyone at all walks off with this film then it's Ann Noland. She is pure joy! In a part filled with traps, there isn't a false note anywhere. This young lady has paid her dues with a long string of strictly "Z" movies and now this one should neatly assure her a bright future. Even her rather standard strip scene is done with such finesse and innocence that it takes your breath away. The break-up scene between she and Chapin is gut wrenching as that expressive face darts back and forth between grief at losing him and the joyous greed over a bracelet he's bought her. **TOO MUCH!** If there isn't an Oscar in her future, then they can hang those awards up!

Finally, about Richard Hatch. First, this talented young man is going to be a star and a very big star — make no mistake about that. He won't be just another of your quickie, cutie heart-throbs either. This guy is an actor . . . let's make



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that Actor with a capital A! Good guys are, at best, hard to play. His performance as Jesse should stand as a model to every young actor who feels like he's just been stuck with some thankless, goody-goody role and can't do a thing with it. Not only does Richard Hatch do an excellent job, he does it within the confines of the star-hero, much like the early parts and acting areas chosen by the young Newman and McQueen. I predict the same kind of success for Hatch. It is an easy prediction. You see, Doug Chapin probably does the best acting job in the film. He sure has the best part to do it with. Still . . . he remains in your mind as a young charter actor. It is Richard Hatch you come away from the theater remembering.

ROBERT MORSE (continued from page 17)

'Sugar' was one of the most fascinating experiences I've had on the stage in the past 15 years. Richard Coe of the Washington Post was kind enough to call me a genius in it."

"So did I in my review."

"I've never seen a copy of your

magazine."

"I'll see that you get one."

"Do you think 'How to Succeed' holds up today?"

Robert looked at me out of the corner of his eye.

"Let's just say that it is only as good as it's J. Pierpont Finch. I don't know how it will stand up against the new shows. Sensations like 'Chicago' and 'Chorus Line' which, I understand, is one of the greatest pieces of work ever devised for the theatre. Michael Bennett choreographed the musical based upon the lives of boys and girls in the chorus. It's taken from hardship stories of real people and New York has never seen anything like it. Marvin Hamlisch has written the score. You know he won the Academy Award for his glorious ragtime music in 'The Sting.' Four or five movie companies have already bid for the rights."

"Have you thought of directing something in which you do not appear?"

"Certainly I have. I'd love to."

"So, as a person, you have many goals still before you to achieve?"

"I would say that, yes."

"You have two children?"

"No. I have three. Andrea, Robin and Hillary. Three girls."

It is apparent that Robert Morse has succeeded brilliantly in many fields. And none of it would have come to pass if he hadn't really tried.



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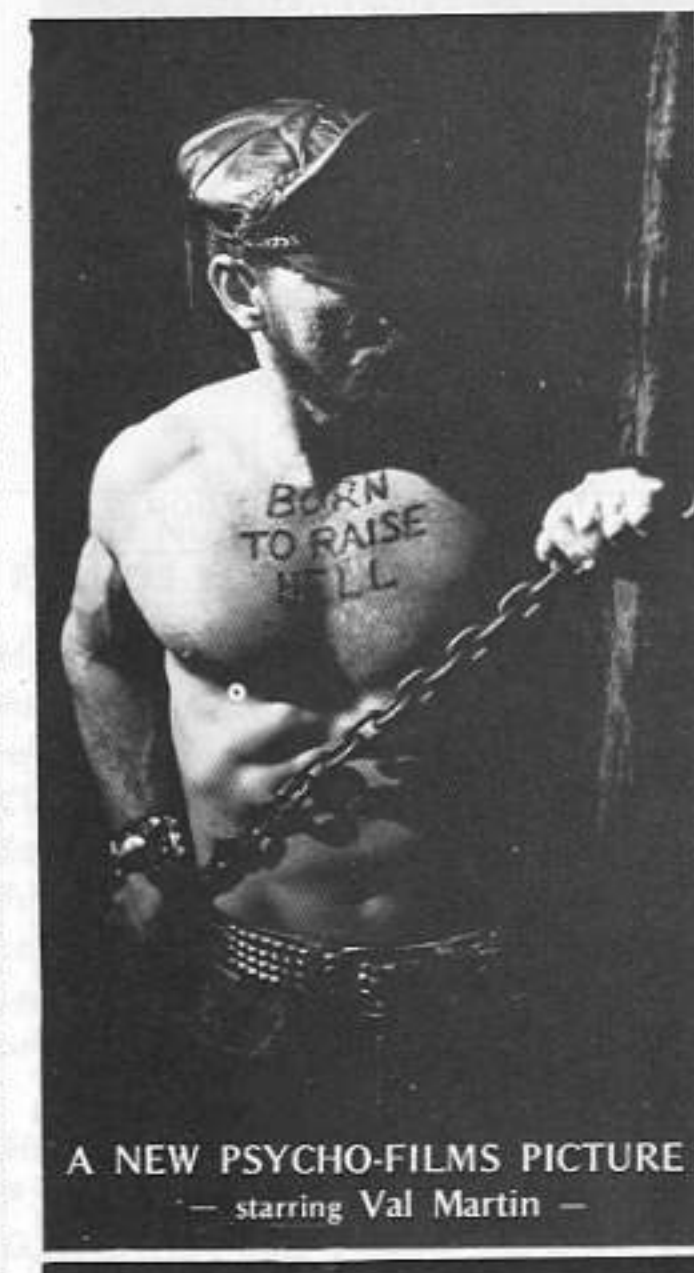
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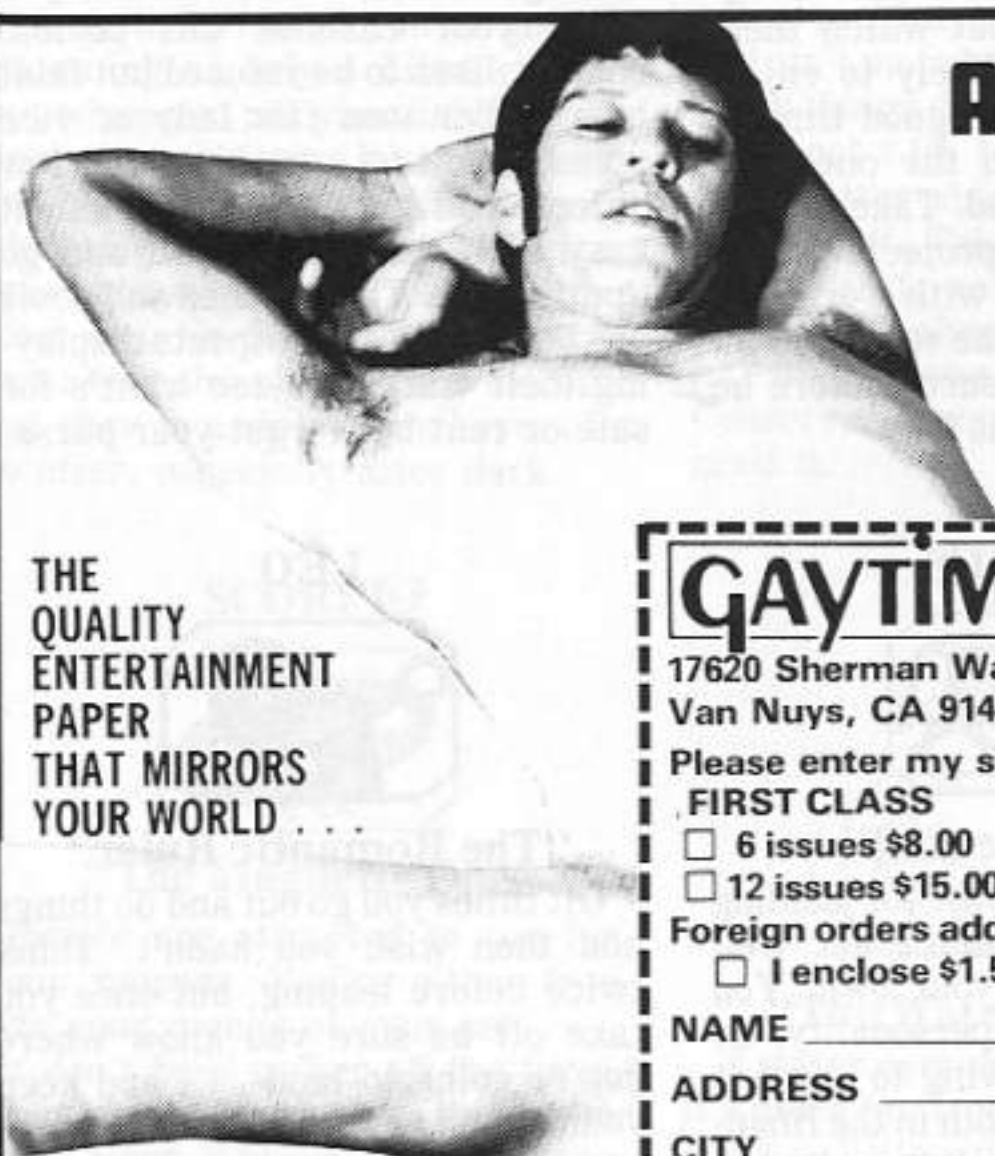
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ARIES



"The Originator"

Your impulses will have to be checked this month . . . you are inclined to go off half-cocked . . . and who needs that action. Friends often persuade you to do things against your will but watch them closely if you are likely to enjoy, then enjoy. This is a good time to make friends, even the ones you thought were no good. Take care of some back dated projects before you are overloaded with work. It's up to you to make the moves to initiate your pet pleasures before he tires of waiting. Eat less.

TAURUS



"The Gentle Bull"

You are well known for holding your temper, but don't get well known for holding your own. You have a marvelous personality, so find someone deserving to share it with. Cool it this month in the financial department, don't spend what you don't have and are not likely to get. Watch your health, don't burn the candle at both ends . . . and the last thing you should need is a candle. Listen to advice from an older friend and ascertain whether he's telling the truth before you act.

GEMINI



"The Persuasive Charmer"

Think twice before speaking your mind, your bark is worse than your bite, but hurt feelings are not easy to heal. You are inclined to be over zealous in your pursuit of happiness. You get what you want whether you really want it or not . . . and oft time you don't know what to do with it . . . just let him relax with a drink and he will show you. Collecting antiques is a fine hobby and often profitable, but only if they mention you in their will.

CANCER



"The Sensitive Crab"

You're going to have to put your feelings in hock for awhile if you fancy your chances this period. Nobody likes to be refused but feint heart ne'er won fair lady or vice versa. Don't be a grabber, but few object to a gentle feeler. Take it easy with the "in" crowd and go "out" more. The beaches and pools are teeming with prospects displaying their wares, go see what's for sale or rent but forget your purse.

LEO



"The Romantic Ruler"

Oft times you go out and do things and then wish you hadn't. Think twice before leaping, but once you take off be sure you know where you're going to land . . . and keep your eye on your wallet. People like you because you are aggressive at times. Take advantage of this, but don't chase them out of the ball park. Try to finish a few projects before starting new ones . . . a cluttered mind is worse than a cluttered bedroom. Lay off desserts unless they're over 21.

VIRGO



"Nature's Child"

You have a lot to offer and many people know this and try to grab the lot for themselves. Spread it around and let everyone enjoy. Your sense of humor is appreciated by many but watch out if the joke's on you. This is the time to chase after that new prospect whether it be a job or whatever. Give it all you've got and you can't fail. Some of your friends may coax you to take it easy, ignore them, they're jealous of your achievements. Exercise more, but not in the bedroom.

LIBRA



"The Gentle Charmer"

Trips are in this period. Go out and show 'em what you've got. Be charming as only a Libra can be, but when you put your hand in your pocket, make sure it's not always for money. Your love life is really blooming, nurture it and coax it to grow but stay out of the fertilizer. You may be the belle of the ball, but allow the wallflowers to come out once in awhile, they have a lot to offer, especially after dark.

SCORPIO



"The Magnetic One"

People are attracted to you for many reasons. You're either free with your money or your self . . . but don't be a sucker all the time. Treat yourself to that thing you really want. You can afford it if you finagle and once you've got what you want you'll be easier to live with. Expect an unexpected invitation. It could be fun to check out what's cooking over the horizon . . . but remember where there's smoke there's fire. Go toast your buns.

SAGITTARIUS



"The Optimistic Archer"

Midway through the period a friend could introduce you to someone who might change your life. If you're in a rut you could use a fresh breeze blowing through your corridors. Open up and let it all hang out, but only if you have a lot to offer, otherwise play it cool and listen carefully. Check your impulse to snap . . . you may bite off more than you can chew. Soothe rather than aggravate. Save.

CAPRICORN



"The Ambitious Goat"

Don't depend too much on luck right now. Lady Luck can be a bitch when you least expect it . . . and she ain't no lady. Don't get annoyed when things don't go right, throw a party not a fit. Let your friends see your better side rather than your better half. Take a course in your pet subject, extra curricular activities are always exciting as long as they leave before Monday. Conserve energy until you really need it.

AQUARIUS



"The Water Carrier"

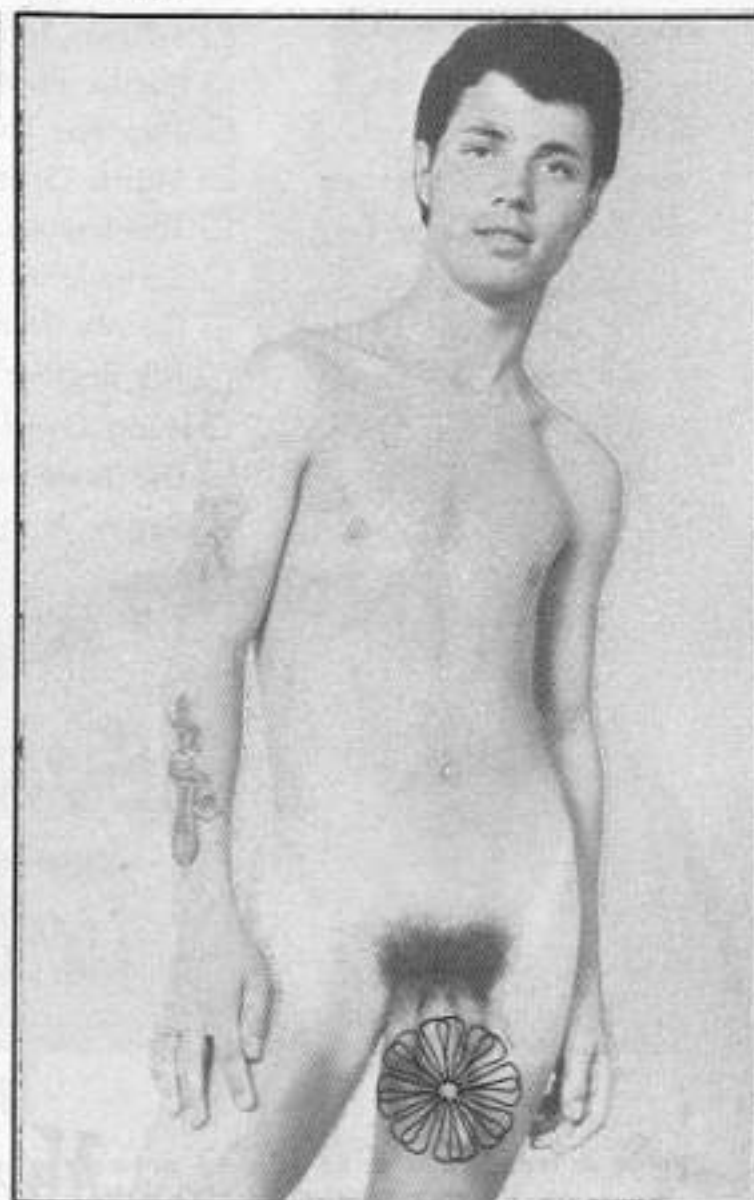
A water carrier you might be, but it's more fun laced with booze. You need a little stimulation in your life, but don't get carried too far . . . he might get too tired and too pooped to pop. Bait your hook if you're going fishing on a cruise, but if it's vice versa make sure he's loaded and picks up the tab . . . after all you don't want to get hooked, do you?

PISCES



"The Mystical Dreamer"

You are partial to a little comfort in your life and who can blame you but don't get too lazy. During this time of the year you are at your creative best . . . so write it, plant it, hang it or paint it but don't neglect it. Finances may be a little hard, but cheer up, so will a lot of other things, including your liquor, your mattress and a special friend. Loosen up with a little exercise but save some energy for that stroll in the park.



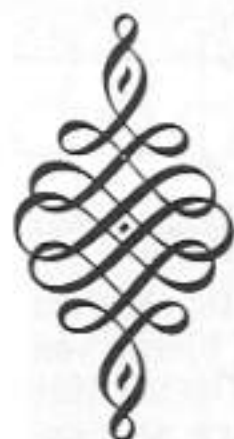
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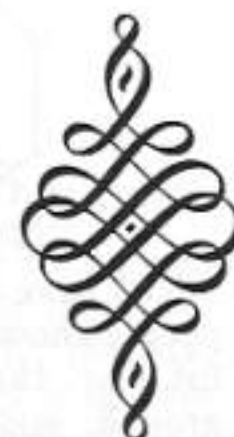
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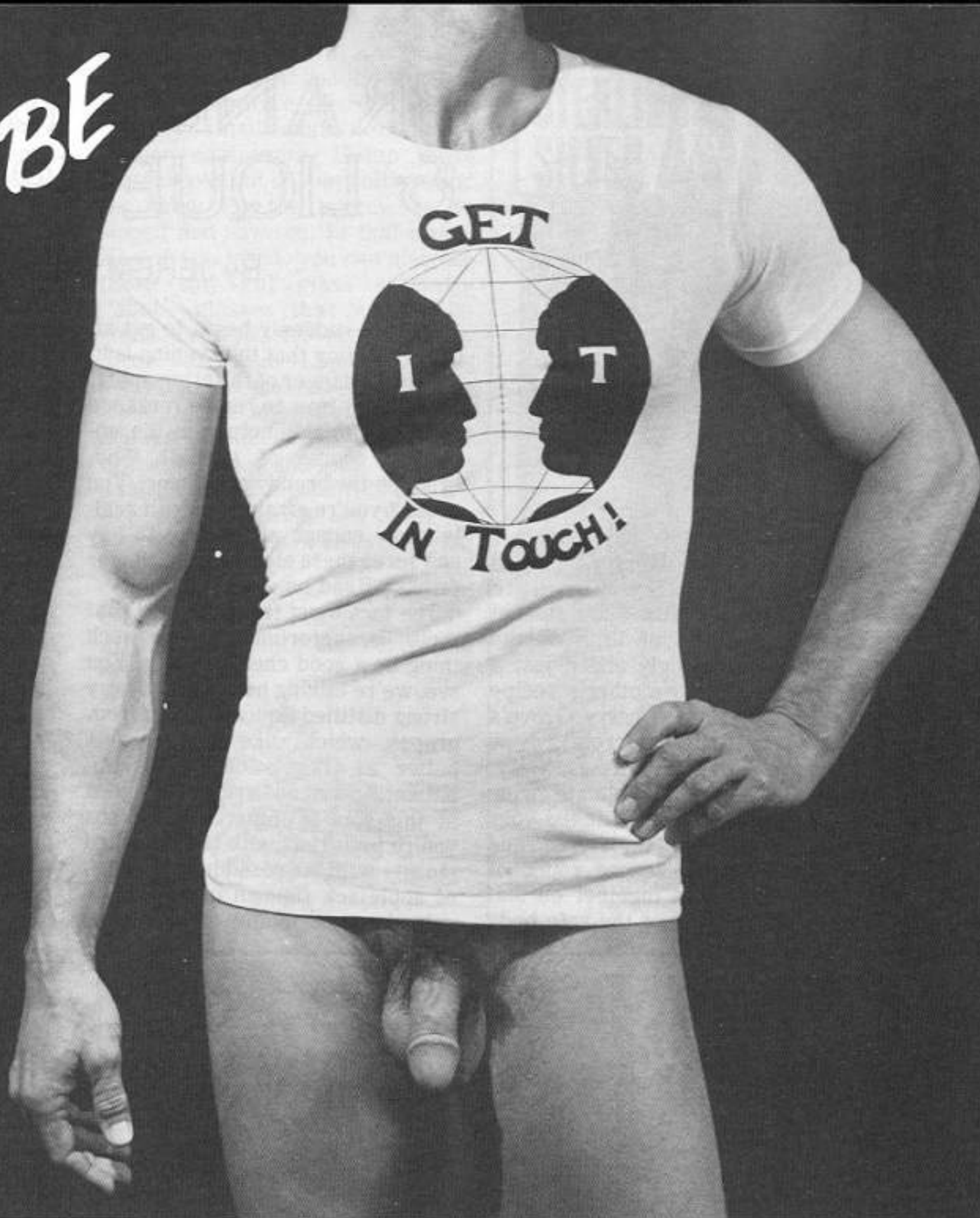
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BRANDY IS DANDY & LIQUEUR IS TOO

By JEREMY HUGHES

OK, so you finally induced him over for that late dinner a deux. You floated paper thin slices of lime on the gimlets and daringly added just a touch of curry to mother's recipe for fairy pudding (Cherry Grove's answer to tuna casserole). Now you've cleared the dishes away, breaking only one delicate wine glass in the process, stacked your sexiest records on the stereo, and coyly placed the second round of demi-tasses close together on that low table in front of the sofa bed.

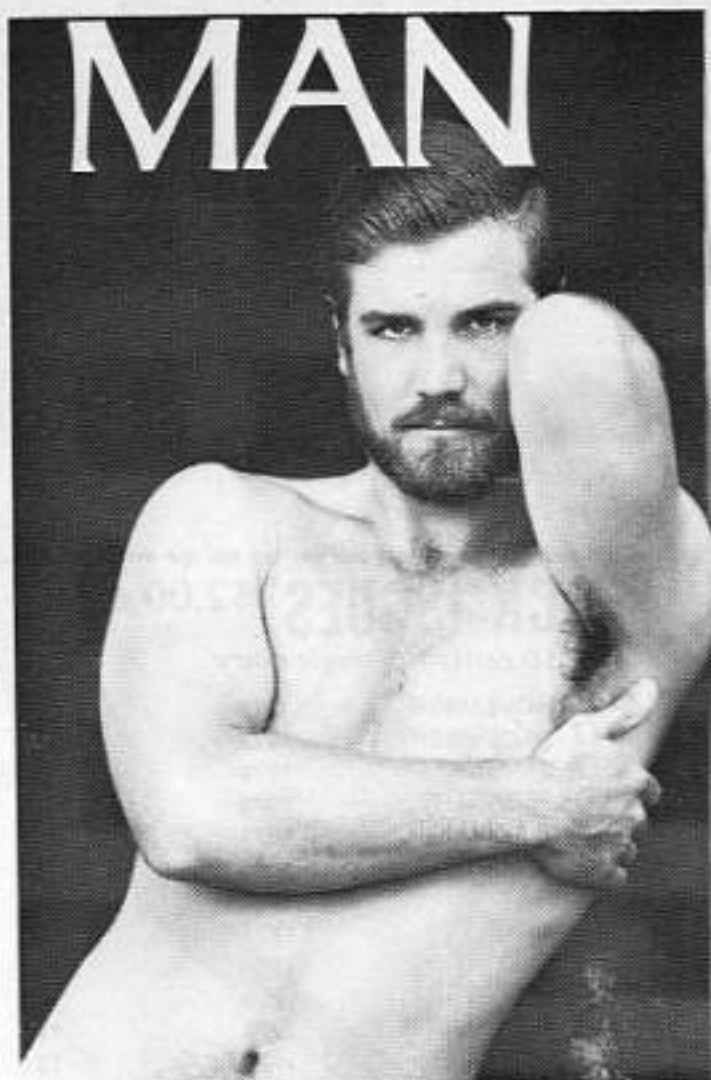
But you suddenly begin to get an uneasy feeling that the evening is in imminent danger of faltering apart. What next? How to revive romance at this critical juncture in the unnatural course of events? Why, bring on the brandy or liqueur! You protest you're afraid you don't really know enough about how to buy and serve these elegant after dinner drinks? Read on, luvs.

The fact must first be faced that there is, unfortunately, no such thing as a good cheap brandy. You see, we're talking here about a very strong distilled liquor, usually from grapes, which, like people, gets better as it gets older. We impatient Americans aren't very good at this sort of thing, so it means you're better off with the imported stuff — with the possible exceptions of applejack (known in France as calvados) and some of the other

fruit brandies, such as peach and apricot. Cognac is the best kind of grape brandy, and, as with armagnac, derives its name from that special area in France where the grapes from which it is distilled are grown.

Although the age of brandy is the truest test of its worth, it is often difficult to find out among the brands on the shelves at your corner liquor store just what the age of any particular bottle is. And cost is not necessarily that true an indication. Much better are the "V.O." specifications, rule of thumb being that the more the initials (all the way up to — sigh! — V.V.S.O.P.), the better the bottle. "Three Star"? — sorry, it's at the bottom of this particular list.

Moving right along to the liqueurs and cordials, you find yourself dealing with end-of-the-meal drinks



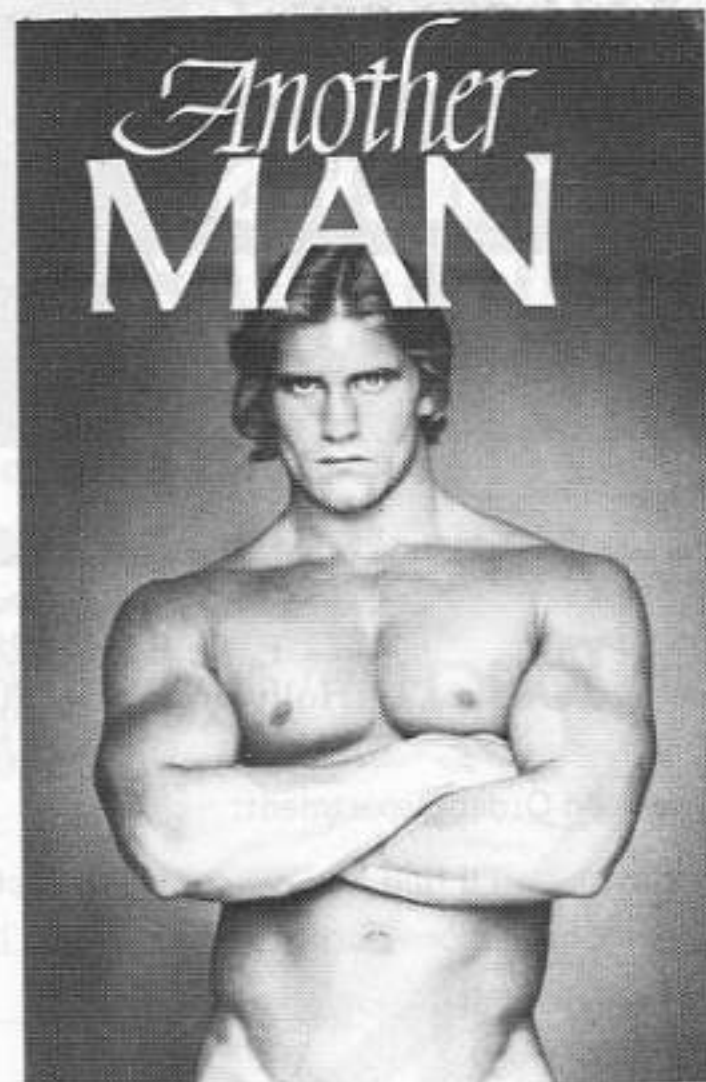
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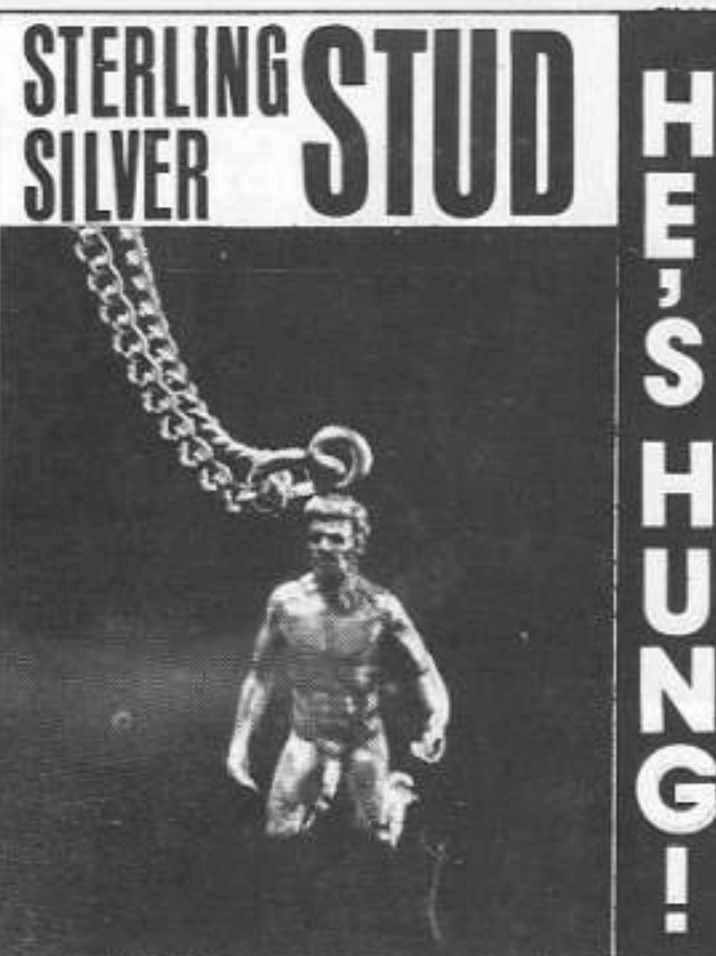
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which are very strong and very sweet. (Southern Comfort and the orange-flavored Grand Marnier are a kind of middle ground, special mixtures of which brandy itself is only one component.) It will come as no surprise that French liqueurs are among the very best, but this is an act into which the Dutch come on very positively, as well as the Portuguese and the Danes.

A good many liqueurs are distinguished by their dominant flavor: creme de cacao (chocolatish), cointreau, curacao, and triple sec (orangish), creme de menthe (whether white or green, mintish), and anisette (licoricish). Others provide a more subtle, intricate flavor: chartreuse (both yellow and green), drambuie, Vielle Cure, and benedictine (similar to Vielle Cure, and often served as "B and B" with an equal mixture of brandy — very posh!). Then there are those which connoisseurs never serve alone but rather as ingredients of other mixed drinks: falernum and orgeat (almond), kirsch (wild cherry), Cherry Heering (stet), creme de cassis (currant), grenadine (pomegranate), and maraschino (stet, again) are most familiar.

Serve brandies and liqueurs at room temperature, please God, and in very small quantities in the proper containers. Dump those matchbooks out of your snifters and use them for the brandy, to be sipped and savored, in that order. Yes, if you insist, you can also use those tiny cut glass specialty "shot" glasses that what's-his-name gave you for your birthday three years ago. Liqueur glasses are stemmed, and about one-half or one-third the size of regular wine glasses. Some people like their brandy with ice and soda, served in a tall glass as a highball: to me, it's like mixing scotch and Coke — which of the flavors are you trying to disguise?

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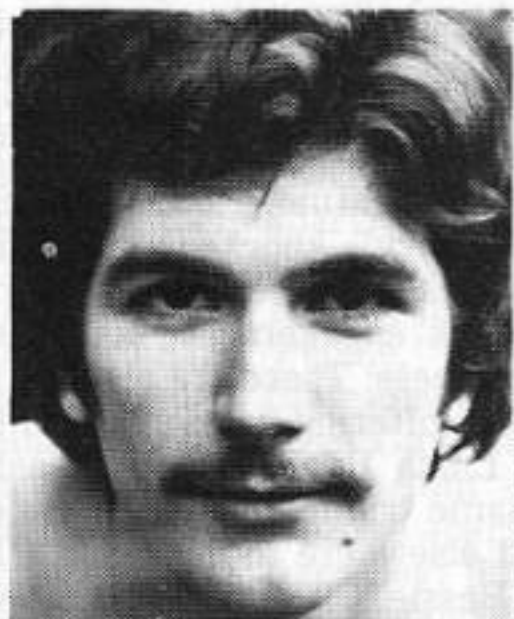
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edy bits, but the single joke on which it was based grew rather tiresome after a while. Likewise, "Bullshot Crummond," based on those corny detective movies of the thirties, has some moments which are inventive and funny — but just not enough moments, in my opinion, to make the whole thing worth the door prices. Moreover, in the Hippodrome they have waitresses hawking drinks throughout the show, the air is thick with smoke, and if you're seated at a crowded table (as my friend and I were — next to a man with a huge cigar) how can you concentrate on the show when you're physically miserable? My date and I left at the intermission.

"The Evolution of the Blues" continues at the On Broadway Theatre, with Oscar Brown, Jr. replacing Jon Hendricks, who played the show for nine months. This jazz musical is definitely worth seeing, if you're in the Bay Area and haven't yet caught it, or if you're visiting in these parts. A spirited company keeps things moving fast and funny.

I'm sad to report that "Indians," Arthur Kopit's episodic drama about Buffalo Bill and the red men, which moved from a store front showcase to the Montgomery Playhouse didn't accomplish much with the transition. Performances in this show were first rate, as I reported a few months ago, but the public didn't take to the piece, which may have been too disturbing and though-provoking to provide audiences with the kind of entertainment they were seeking. "Indians" closed in mid-June.

James Whitmore in "Give 'Em Hell, Harry" knocked critics and audiences for a loop here in a brief one-week engagement, doing sell-out business. There are plans to bring this offering back again in the fall. Linda Hopkins also repeated the same triumph here she has enjoyed elsewhere in her show, "Me and Bessie." Lester Wilson, who appeared with this production and also choreographed the show, was a special hit with the gay community.

Modest Jim Kerber, who does press and p.r. work for ACT, enjoyed a success last spring with his choreography of two ballets which were presented at City College by the Pacific Dance Theatre. Jim's ballets, "Mass In Dance Minor"

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and "The Unicorn, The Gorgon and the Monticore" were appreciated by critics and public alike. The kudos couldn't have fallen on a nicer young man.

* * *

NEW FILM MAKER. Toby Ross is a young San Francisco based man whose recent flicks, "Reflection of Youth" and "Boys of the Slums," have attracted local as well as nation-wide attention.

I had a chat with Toby recently, and I asked him if he thought that gay films were ever going to get away from explicit sex scenes or if he, or anyone else, were ever going to produce a movie for the porno houses with a decent story line.

He shook his head. "A heavy plot line detracts from a gay porno flick. What I try to do is hire clean cut, fresh looking guys and then photograph them, doing their thing, from the best and most original angles possible. Penetration is absolutely necessary. That's what the customers pay to see."

Toby wants to continue producing X-rated films and has no desire to do anything else. Going along with the current nostalgia wave, he plans to release his latest movie, "Cruising '57," early this autumn. He says it's a tough business and that he and other film makers frequently get ripped off by the exhibitors. He's a friend and associate of J. Brian and he thinks that between the two of them they can bring films of a superior level to porno houses throughout the country.

* * *

DOUG'S DOODLES. Sometimes all you have to do is put two and two together, but after you've done it — did you ever feel like you wished you'd kept them apart? . . . Roger Austen of the *Sentinel* now has his own TV show on KQED. It's called "Extraordinary People." Recent guests were Jo Daly and Howard Wallace, of Bay Area Gay Liberation . . . Note to Mr. Tom Avila who, I'm told, ripped me apart in a recent issue of *Data-Boy*: I have often been critical of organizations and group policies, as well as social events, but I have never used by column space to attack or demean any individual in our community. In my opinion, name-calling is the easy resort for a limited intelligence, and when you sling mud, Mr. Avila, you lose ground . . .

(please turn to page 80)

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Randy Johnson, one of the nicer columnists on the local gay papers, won a gay community award as best m.c. of the year. A well-deserved tribute . . . Hate the new S.F. buses. So narrow you can hardly squeeze your way down the aisle. Though some may consider the proximity of other bodies an attribute and a marvelous opportunity for certain adventures . . . Le Domino (the old Country club) is now serving excellent French cuisine . . . William Ball of ACT may be directing a show called "Philadelphia 1600" on Broadway next season . . . I was pleased to learn that my book Gay Mexico was used as reference for a scholarly report recently presented to the Kroeber Anthropological Society. Clark Taylor, a graduate student at the University of California sent me a copy of the report, together with his personal thanks for the assistance which my own research and information gave the society . . . Unfortunately, my many activities (as a teacher, actor, director, committee person — as well as writer) plus problems of distribution, make it impractical for me to research a new edition of the Mexico book. However, the current edition has information which is extremely pertinent and will remain so for some time to come . . . Johnny Weissmuller, Jr., son of the movie's most famous Tarzan, recently left S.F. for a trip to Las Vegas, where he helped his dad celebrate birthday number 71. When asked how things went, John Jr. replied, "Swimmingly." What else? . . . Mr. Charles Higham, L.A. correspondent for the New York Times, was in town recently on a p.r. tour for his new book, Kate, a biography of Katharine Hepburn. Mr. Higham is also preparing a book on Charles Laughton, which is going to tell all. The distinguished writer asked me to be his guest at dinner at the Fairmont Hotel, and we spent a most enjoyable evening together, chatting about our many mutual friends and acquaintances in show business. Mr. Higham's interest in talking with me was due to the fact that he is now preparing an authorized biography of Marlene Dietrich, with the lady's stipulation that the book be published only after her death. Some readers may know that I once played a small

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(very small) role in Miss Dietrich's life . . . Although many have predicted that the all-male drag show is passe in S.F., word reaches me that no less than three (possibly four) major productions are scheduled for next season. Carl Barry will direct an all-male version of "Blithe Spirit" for an early fall opening, Chuck Largent is back in town and wants to do "Funny Girl" with Faye in the leading role, and Kimo tells me he plans a production of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" in the spring of '76 . . . That's all for this time. And remember, just because you only live once, that's no reason to throw your life away.

CHRISTOPHER LARKIN

(continued from page 59)

"Believe it or not, some people object to the march footage in the film. They think this documentary style clashes with the straight love story approach. They said: 'Make up your mind. One way or the other. You cannot have it both ways.' But I think my film was more interesting by working the two styles together. I wanted to create a type of parallel."

"Were you pleased with the New York reviews?"

"Yes. On the whole they were quite good and reassuring. Of course, I know my film was flawed and was no classic. But it was a respectable breakthrough and it was an honest depiction of the gay lifestyle and it said, basically, what I wanted it to say."

"How do you like being in the spotlight and being socially lionized at parties?"

"I enjoy the spotlight. I think most people do. However, I know where my head is at and I know who I am and I knew I could enjoy all the sudden adulation without being spoiled by it. Most of all, this new fame of mine has put me in a situation whereby I could meet people who are interesting and exciting and that is a constant pleasure for me. In a way, this is the bonus about making movies. You can make your own very personal statement and have it heard and seen and shared by a wide audience."

"Are you planning on making another film?"

"Yes. The script is over there on the desk now. I'm not going to use

(please turn to page 82)

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CHRISTOPHER LARKIN (continued from page 81)

the present title. It's a novel written several years ago by a friend of mine. It's called 'Tricks Hot, Tricks Cold' by Lee Bartman. It was originally a porno novel now out of print but I'm not going to make a porno movie out of it. I'm simply going to adapt its theme which deals with the problem of what, actually, is masculinity? It's a Private Eye Caper-type film with bisexual, homosexual and Women's Liberation overtones."

"Have you had any unusual family reactions from the stars of your movies?"

"Well, Robert Joel and Curt Gareth are made-up names. Only Bo White uses his real name. I understand Joel's mother saw the picture."

"Did she know her son was gay?"

"I don't know but, if she didn't, she knows now. My family has seen the picture and they love it. My father has difficulties understanding the relationships but he thinks it's very professionally done. He was quite impressed."

"Was the film autobiographical?"

"Loosely so, I would say. I have been through a relationship for the past five years similar to the one in the picture. His name is Tim."

"Did he help in the filming?"

"In the earlier stages yes. But he's an architectural student and he has his own commitments. He has a film credit and he allowed me to tape record some of our conversations together which were later used as a basis for some of the dialogue."

"How naturalistic can you get! How old is he?"

"He's quite a bit younger than myself. He's twenty-four. He's the only lover I've ever had that I've ever lived with for any length of time. Now we find it's better not to live together. We live in separate apartments in the same building. We find this a healthier way. We're having a bit of an interval now. He's abroad studying for a period of five months."

"Did your picture get wide distribution?"

"Surprisingly, yes. It was shown at the Eighth World Congress of Sociology at Toronto, Canada. They had a request to show it twice in a single week before 2,000 sociologists. The auditorium was packed and it created quite a good

deal of comment afterward. Seventy countries in the world were represented there."

"Has this been scheduled to be shown at any Film Festivals?"

"No. I'm a little turned off by film festivals. They dun and dun and dun you until they get a print of your film and then you never hear from them again. I finally got through to one recent festival only to learn the picture was turned down. No reason was ever given for this."

"That's too bad. Because if you get a good P.R. man who gets it accepted and you get an award for it, even the Green Potato Award, this makes for lovely boxoffice returns. And I know you spent a fortune on your film. Because I saw full page ads in the Times daily. This must have cost your distributors a fortune."

"Well, we had to fight Judith Crist's review who gave us a disastrous notice. And, believe it or not, she's a very close friend of my publicity man. You can't win 'em all. But, generally, the response was very decent."

"Was the film shown at Fire Island?"

"Yes, but under very unfortunate circumstances. They have no theatre there so the picture was projected on a sheet flapping in the wind with lousy sound and generally poor conditions. In New York I held a large party in my own home just prior to the opening and it was all very gala. In fact, if any of your readers are looking for tax shelters, have them get in touch with me. I'm looking for backers for my new film."

"How did you happen to decide on the title for your picture?"

"You wouldn't believe it but we hunted for a title for over six months. Nothing seemed to be right. And then one bright day we discovered it right under our noses in the footage of the portion of the film we were editing at the time. You see, it was a very natural thing."

Christopher's eyes sparkled and the whole room momentarily lit up. If taste, perception and intelligence count for anything, I can hardly wait to see his new venture. ●



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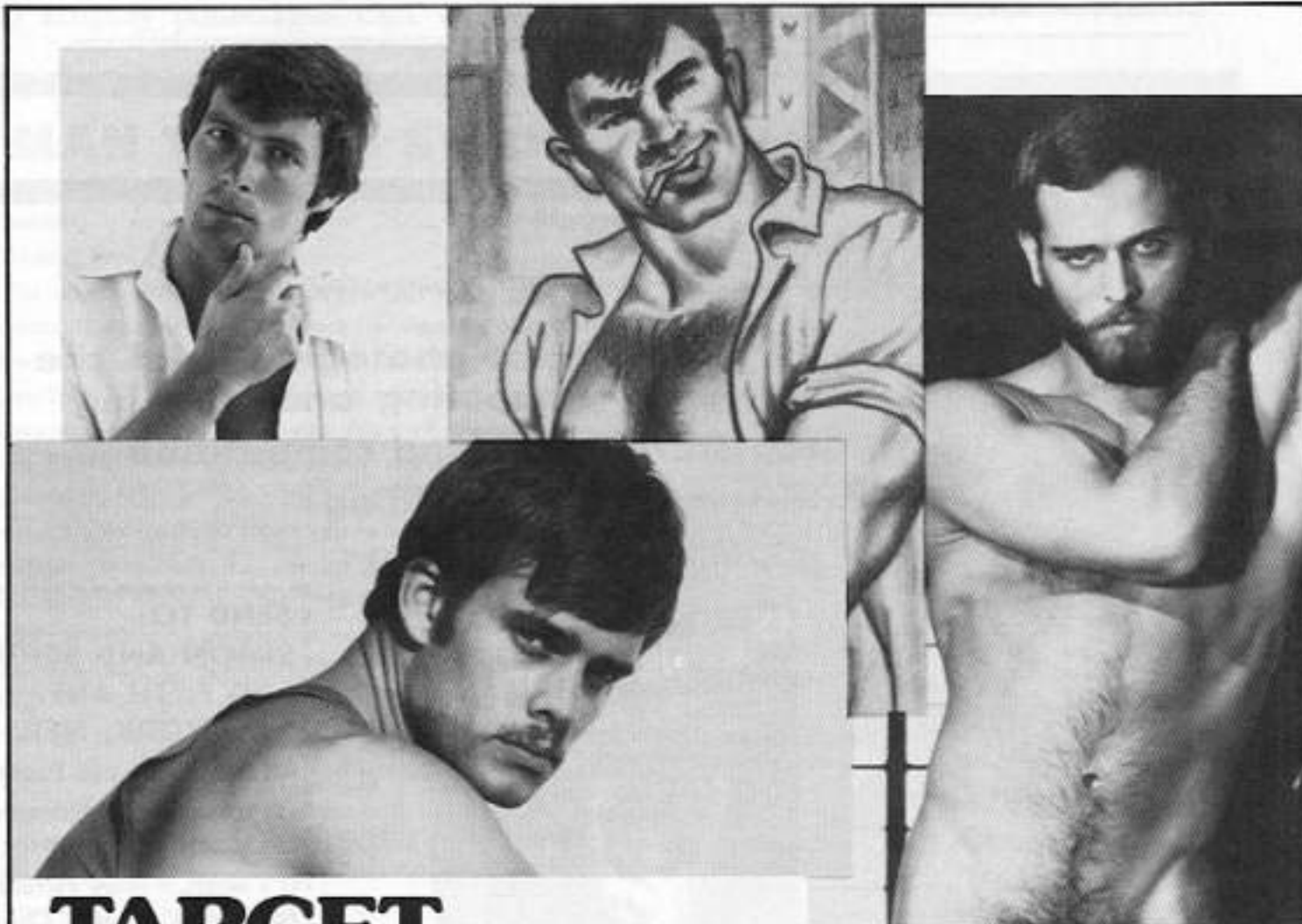
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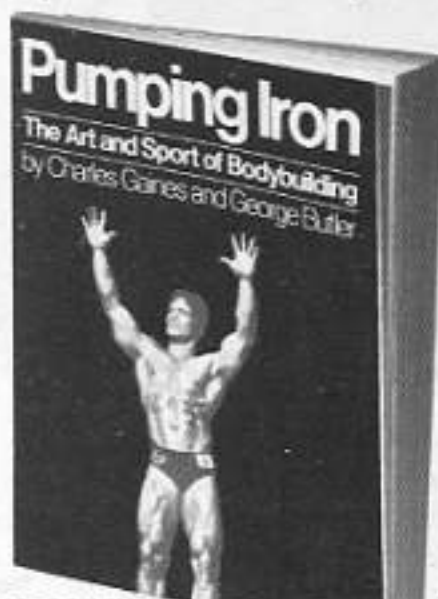
I had just finished a chest workout in the gym. Several sets of heavy bench presses and inclines had my pectoral muscles very sore and I could feel that good, tight, pumped-up feeling in the muscles of the chest after they had been worked properly. The fibers were very expanded and sore. Because these muscles are so pronounced, many bodybuilders, including myself like to work on them very hard. Sometimes however, we all make mistakes which can prevent us from gaining as fast as we could. As the bench press is one of the most common exercises done by any one who lifts weights, and also one of the most result producing, we can elaborate on it and find out where we most often go wrong.

Two advanced bodybuilders with very pronounced chest development had now just walked into the gym and caught my attention. Their huge bulging pectoral muscles through their skin-tight tee

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shirts would have caught anyone's eye and they certainly caught mine. Their chests were not the only part of the body at the moment that I was looking at, but my main intention was to stay and watch them train together and perhaps inquire on how they developed their chests, among other things.

Unfortunately, they began their work-out session warming up on the bench press. They loaded the bar with a light poundage and warmed up with a few repetitions. More weight was added onto the bar. This caused a drop in the number of repetitions they could perform. Even though they were handling a very heavy poundage, they performed each repetition or exercise movement very, very carefully. They began each from the full arms length. Their feet did not move at all during each repetition, and they were placed firmly and comfortably on the floor. They did not raise either their rears, or backs in an effort to handle the weight easier or "cheat." One cheats when he uses other muscles not connected with the exercises in an effort to make that exercise easier, or to perform more repetitions than he otherwise could do, with a given poundage. Both of them lowered

the weight down to the chest, stopped for a short pause, then raised the bar up to the full arms length in a perfect movement, using only the arms and the pectoral muscles to handle the weight. As their workout progressed, I could see that they began using different poundages and different numbers of reps for each of their sets. One thing in common however, is the way both of them trained. They did not "cheat" when they were performing their presses. The results spoke for themselves. The thickness and size of their pectoral muscles was amazing and almost made me envious.

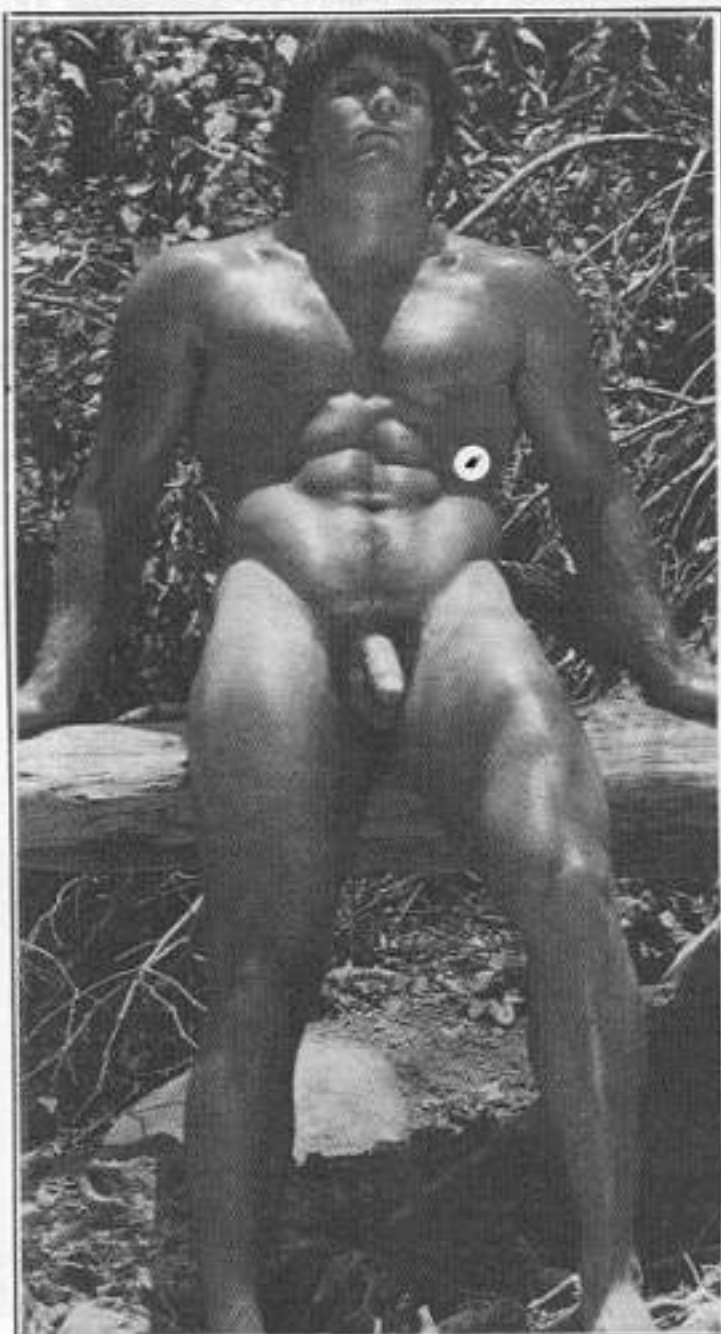
Upstairs, in the dressing room, I had noticed a tall, young novice bodybuilder who had been training for a long period of time. He did not possess the heavy chest development of the other two present at the time. I remember his performing routine for his chest. He would employ about the same amount of weight as the other two men, but he did not appear to be nearly as strong. He would raise his rear end off the bench to get his chest closer to the bar so he wouldn't have to go down as far. Other times he would bounce the bar off his chest in order to employ poundages that without

using this cheating technique, he could not do. This was not only hindering his progress from what I could see but also dangerous. Often he trained without a partner and with this technique, he could either get the bar stuck on his chest or neck, or lose hold of his entire weight, causing it to rapidly fall on him. All of these faults have crept into my bench press at one time or another, in an effort to apply increased poundages for my chest, too fast. When one "cheats" however, in the end, he only cheats himself out of gains he could have had, had he done the exercise with proper form. David Carter

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IN TOUCH PARTY GIVING

By JEREMY HUGHES

Many party-goers tend to judge the success of any festive gathering by how many new contacts and / or phone numbers are acquired. This makes it incumbent upon the party-giver to establish an ambiance which helps everyone to feel both attractive and attracted, and to place little pads of paper and pens discreetly about. A sense of anticipation should pulsate in the air, and every effort made to avoid disquieting incidents such as irate neighbors pounding on walls or ceiling. (How? Invite 'em!)

To assure that each guest's moment of grand entrance is hassle-free, include in your invitation explicit directions on how to get to your pad (maps help), as well as specific information on where easi-

ly to park. If you as host are going to be preoccupied by matters in kitchen or at bar, assign someone to constant attendance right at the door — preferably one who knows all the guests, or is at least especially good at names. This "greeter" takes wraps and directs the guest to someone else who will make him a drink and introduce him around.

No party-goer, shy OR aggressive, should ever have to search out the bar, make his own first drink, or introduce himself to anyone. "Just make yourself at home and meet people" is the kiss of death: it is abrogating your responsibility as host. Introductions should mention each name twice, and, as a conversational catalyst, include a pertinent fact of interest about the two individuals.

Lighting has to strike a happy medium between supermarket glare and Hernando's Hideaway gloom — at least until everyone is fairly well settled in. As romantic as candles are reputed to be, they are also inefficient, hazardous, and messy. Avoid overhead lighting like the pox. Table-lamp bulbs should be a maximum 40-W, and it is both safer and more flattering if they

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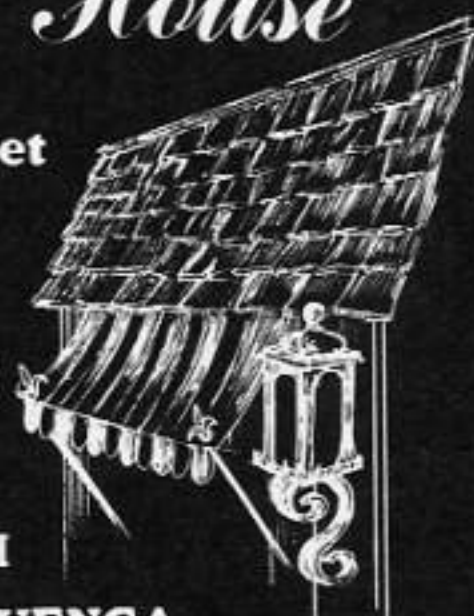
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are set out of the way on the floor (this also frees table-tops for food, drink, ashtrays, purses, and those handy pads and pens). Unscrew the topmost bulb of your pole-lamp, and push floor-lamps as far into the corners as you can.

Never use a party to experiment with new and exotic food or drink. Everything served should be tried and true, presented tastefully, and easy to manage with one hand. Edibles are best made available at one central spot, as no one, especially a guest, ought ever be asked to "pass the dip around, please?" Ice cubes, in convenient buckets strategically placed, must be in plentiful supply. You should have tongs in each bucket, remembering that liquor consumption diminishes when one can simp-

ly drop a cube into his near-empty glass, without having to interrupt a growingly-fascinating conversation to go in search of a refill. (Incidentally, as a good host, you are required to stay relatively sober.)

Be alert to the pall that can be created by the solitary corner brooder. Urge him into a group of three or four (never a twosome!) and repeat a couple of introductions. Keep the two prettiest guests away from each other. Ditto the two oldest. Ditto the two same anythings: dancers, directors, or truck drivers. And never have a full evening of just one kind of music. Encourage variety of mood by supplying variety of music, remembering, however, that music is meant to underscore, not dominate.

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In Touch WITH YOU

Dear Bob,

I am writing to you because I have a problem I don't know the answer to and which keeps me awake nights. Perhaps you can help me. Here it is: I'm fifty-eight years old, work in a major department store, and have no retirement other than social security. I'll be forced to leave the store in which I work at sixty-five which is just seven short years away. They have a retirement program, but I don't qualify because I went to work for another store for about three years and just returned to where I'm working now, which completely ruined any possibility of building up enough years to be meaningful. What should I do? I don't believe social security will give me enough to live on what with paying rent, owning a car, and buying food these days. I live alone since my wife and I divorced a number of years ago. I'm gay, but I can't imagine finding a compatible friend when I'm sixty-five. Do you have any advice for me?

Dear Sir,

A lot of people will identify with you because yours is a common problem. In fact, eighty-five percent of the population of the United States cannot lay their hands on a thousand dollars by the time they are sixty-five! Many of these people who should be retiring are forced to go on working or they become dependents on friends or relatives. Of course it might be that social security will be increased enough during the next seven years to offset your expenses. But at today's level, you would get about four hundred dollars a month which, as you say, is probably short of what you need by about two hundred dollars. The tragic thing is that had you been willing to set aside about thirty-five dollars a month when you were thirty or thirty-one, that much alone would have accumulated and compounded into a lifetime income of at least \$200 a month by the time you were sixty-

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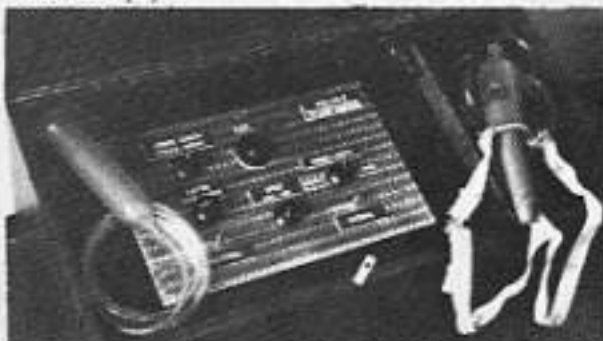
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five. What happens with most people is that they never believe they're going to be sixty-five or they won't think about it and they refuse to pay into a fund they can't use right now. Consequently, it is usually too late to do anything about the problem because you don't have enough time to let funds work for you. The kind of plan I was referring to by the way is a simple annuity which qualifies for the Individual Retirement Account recognized by the government as totally tax deductible up to \$1,500 a year. In other words, a tax-sheltered annuity. Perhaps your example will inspire younger people to think about retirement income before it is too late. We all need to create a bill to ourselves and pay it just like we pay rent, the telephone, and all our other bills. Besides, lifetime income, an annuity builds up cash reserves and if by chance you don't need monthly income, you can take the money and run. Chances are you never would have saved that much money in one place left to your own devices.

However, back to your specific problem. Start saving every dime you can lay your hands on. In seven years you could still accumulate a small nest egg of say five thousand dollars by simply putting aside the thirty-five dollars a month you should have been paying yourself all along. A sixth of a loaf is better than none. Remember, "part of everything you earn is yours to keep." In the meantime, don't give up on finding that roommate. There's somebody out there that's in the same fix you're in who would appreciate some tender loving care. And oh, keep your carburetor cleaned and your motor tuned; cuts down on gas and might save you from having to give up old Betsy. I've heard there's many a tune in an old violin. Why not prove it?

(Remember, problems have a reason. Facing and solving them is a fact of life that helps us grow in understanding ourselves and those about us. Until next time, hang in there baby and look for someone to Love. Somebody out there needs just you.)

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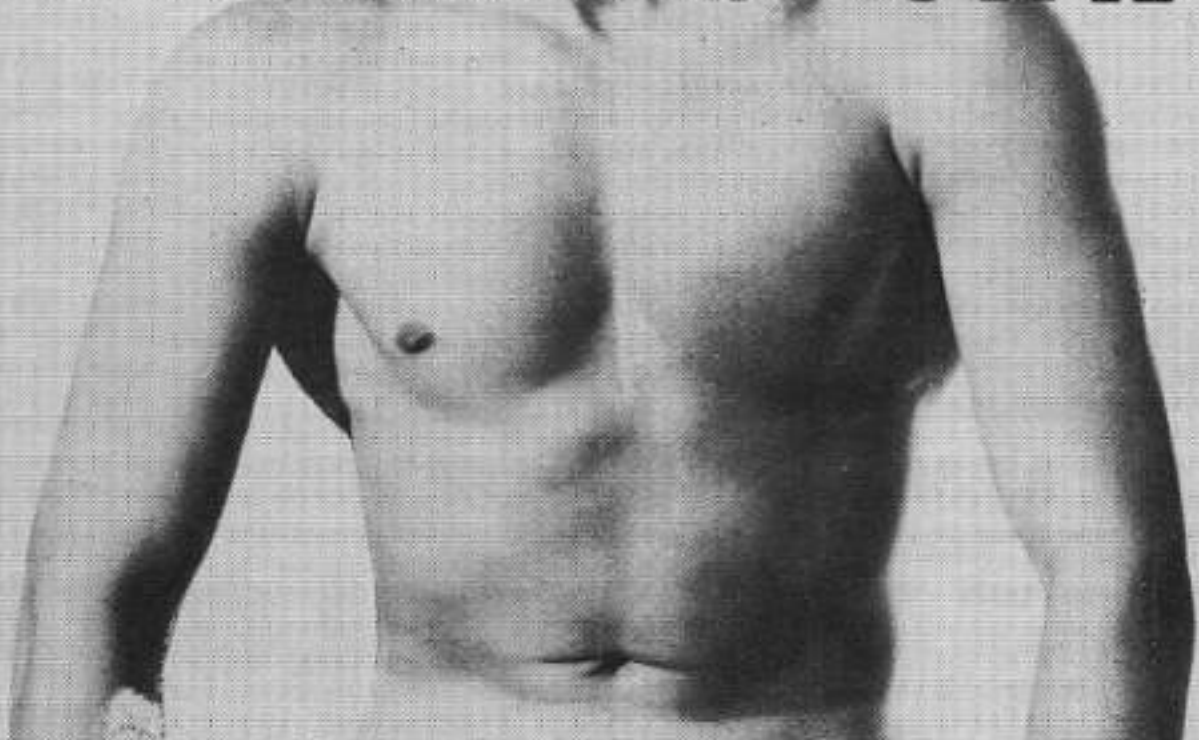
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20 YEARS AGO

By Dale McIntire

SANTA MONICA — Evening Outlook columnist Gordon Macker campaigned to "Close Queer Alley," a beachfront block including gay bars Tropical Village and Jack's and Crystal Baths. "Reform" candidates for city council demand police close area "for our children's good." Cops complain they can't close a place just because homosexuals gather, but brag of 200 arrests in 10 months. Outlook says candidate Rev. Judson, sworn enemy of homosexuality, gambling and offshore drilling, took gifts and loans from top gambler. Macker, stung by charges he was persecuting gays, agreed to visit them, changed tone, calling for tolerance. Fired when readers question his masculinity. Insurgents elected. Vice Squad fired. Chief resigns. Heat on. Insurgents settle comfortably into jobs. Heat off, but new state law says bar license revocable as "pervert hangout."

GERMANY — New law removes gay mags from newsstands (Humanitas, Der Weg, Der Ring, Dien Freund) . . . In May 19 Frankfurt/Main conference, several gay groups unite as Society for Human Rights (Gesellschaft fur Menschenrechte) joining Amsterdam's International Committee for Sexual Equality. Mourning untimely death of scientist-lawyer Dr. Botho Lasserstein, long-time crusader against German Penal Code's Article 175, SHR leader and board-member of ICSE.

AUSTRALIA — Sydney Morning Herald calls for commonsense revision of commonwealth anti-homosexual laws in interest of justice "rather than prejudice and generations-old superstition." John Robson, Director of Father and Son Welfare Movement, agrees, adding that Justice Minister plans to introduce bill . . .

U.S. — Dr. Karl Bowman of S.F.

Langley Porter Clinic (doing state-commissioned sex-deviate study) and former Amer. Psychiatric Assn. president, tells APA convention that changes needed in sex laws; there's too much hysteria about homosexuality-inclined persons, with misdirected demands to "ban, chase out, imprison, hospitalize and otherwise cure" them . . . Mental Health Assn. of Oregon publishes booklet, AN INTRODUCTION TO PROBLEMS OF THE SEX DEVIATE .

LONDON — Duke-of-Cambridge pub licensee charged with permitting disorderly conduct when plainclothes cops claimed artists' performances "must have been obnoxious to normal customers, though enjoyed by patrons of a certain type" — two men dressed as women singing "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend," etc. . . . A lorry driver and a former probation officer got 6 months prison when Leeds tailor Gerald Gafftarnick complained of offenses in a Union St. public bath. Gafftarnick said he'd gone to bath weekly for 6 years and "often witnessed misbehavior in the steam room." Asked if he thought the bath should be closed, Gafftarnick insisted he wanted to keep going there . . . By 4133 vote, the council of the 9000-member Magistrates Assn. recommended that (tho' they regard homosexuality as undesirable and dangerous to both individual and community) private homosexual acts between adults over 30 be no longer criminal . . . With two sailors on trial for murder-robbery of Edinburgh actor Norman Struthers, defense counsel said: "It is regrettable but essential to speak ill of the dead to do justice to these sailors . . . It seemed clear that Struthers had a sinister motive in inviting two young men to his flat." Their voices on a stolen tape recorder indicated their own sinister motives in accepting the invite . . .

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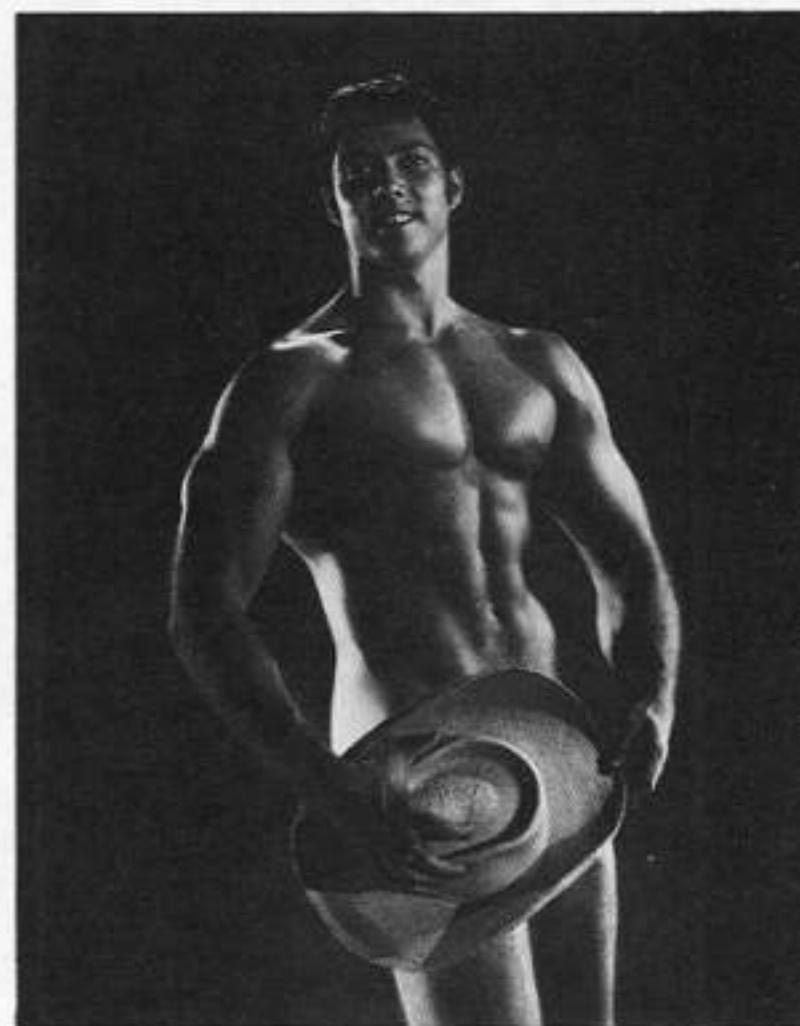
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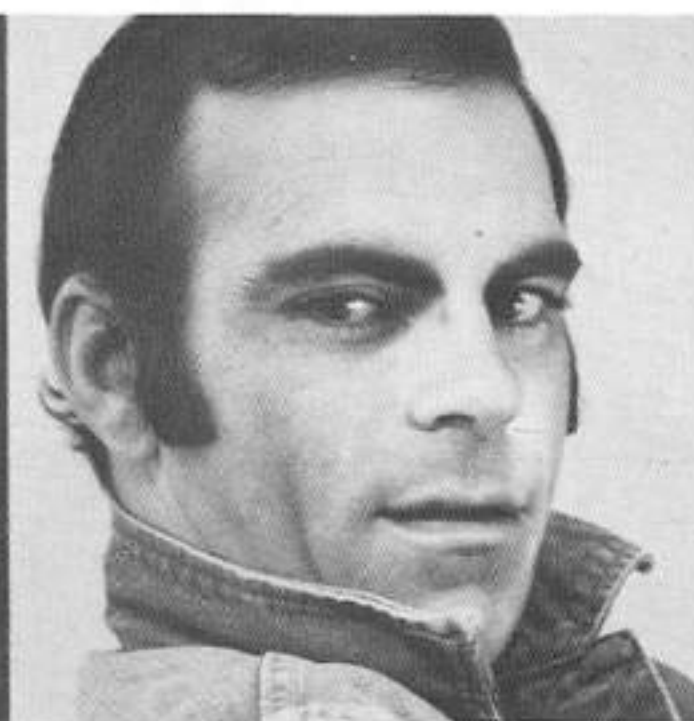
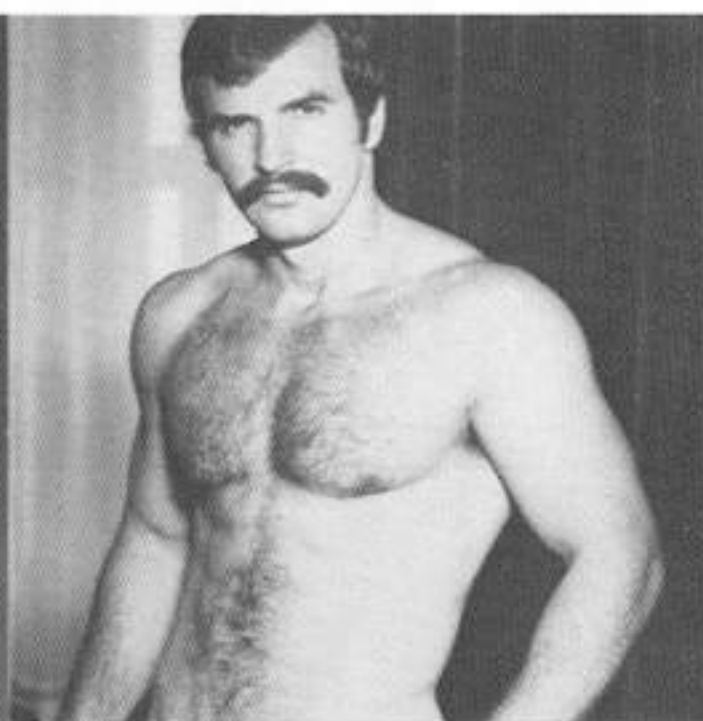
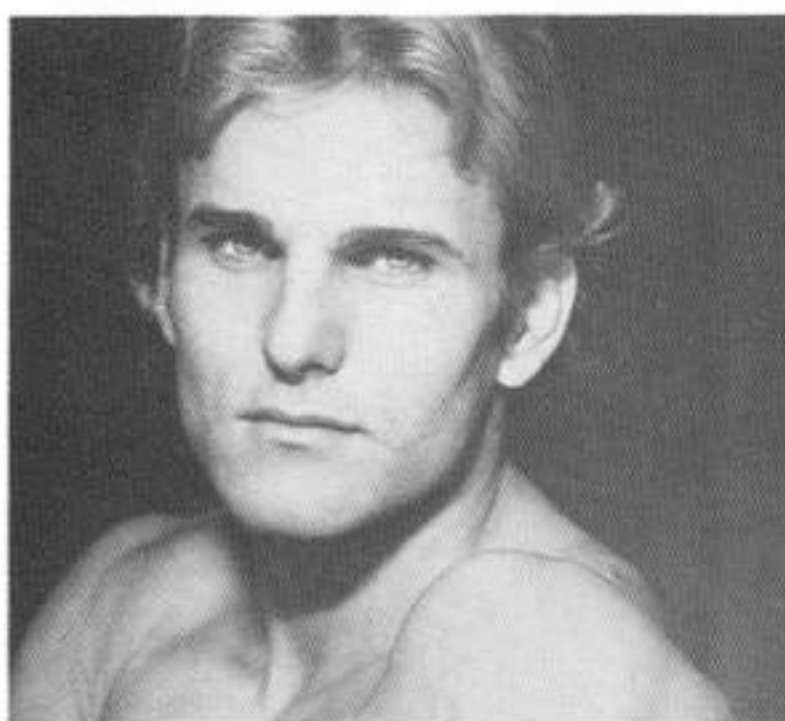


As the morning fog drifts away to produce a San Francisco bathed in brilliant sunlight, as a chameleon alters its color to blend with the bark of a tree or one of its leaves — so changes the provocative personality of Robert del Valle, at one moment gentle and calm and in a flash (with the advent of some unexpected catalyst) brittle, sardonic, worldly and elegant.

He has an IQ of 160 and is rather proud of it — and why shouldn't he be? He does not want to be called Bob. He's very emphatic about it. "My name is Robert," he announces, a slight touch of asperity in his tone, "and it's del Valle with a small d. Not a capital. Be sure you get that right."

A writer has the feeling, when he starts to interview Robert, that he has indeed been granted a rare privilege. The commoner has been permitted to approach the prince. Then, without warning, the prince casts aside his cloak of office and reveals himself as a shy, somewhat modest person, a man who beneath his facade is eager for acceptance and approval. So go the mercurial changes in the temper of this man called del Valle — 25, of Cuban descent and (as can be seen from the photos on these pages) possessed of a face and body of more than ordinary attractiveness.





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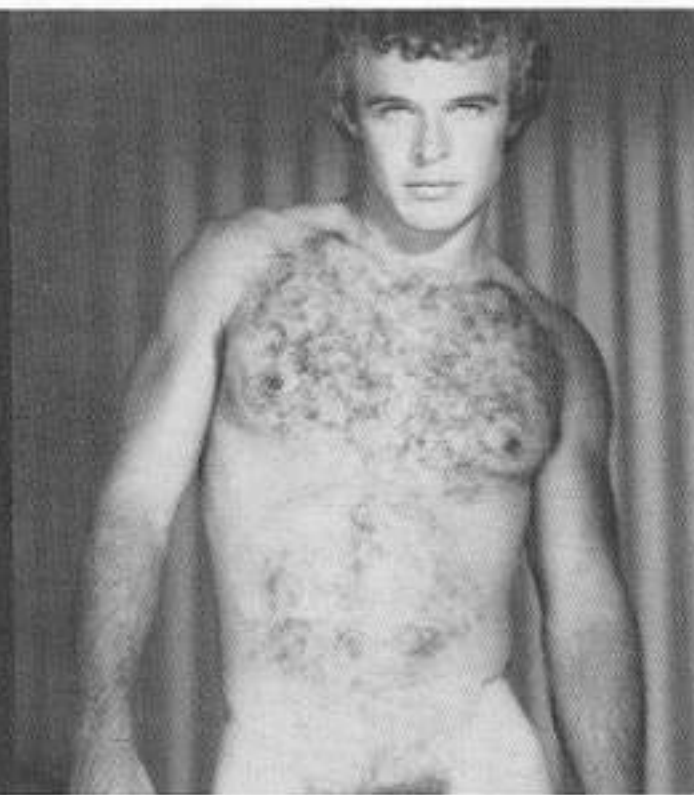
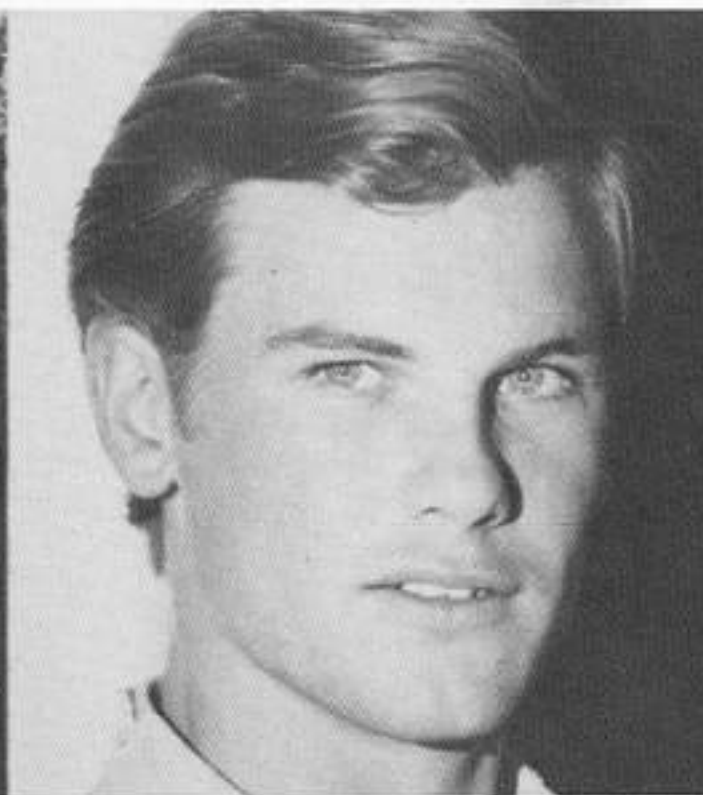
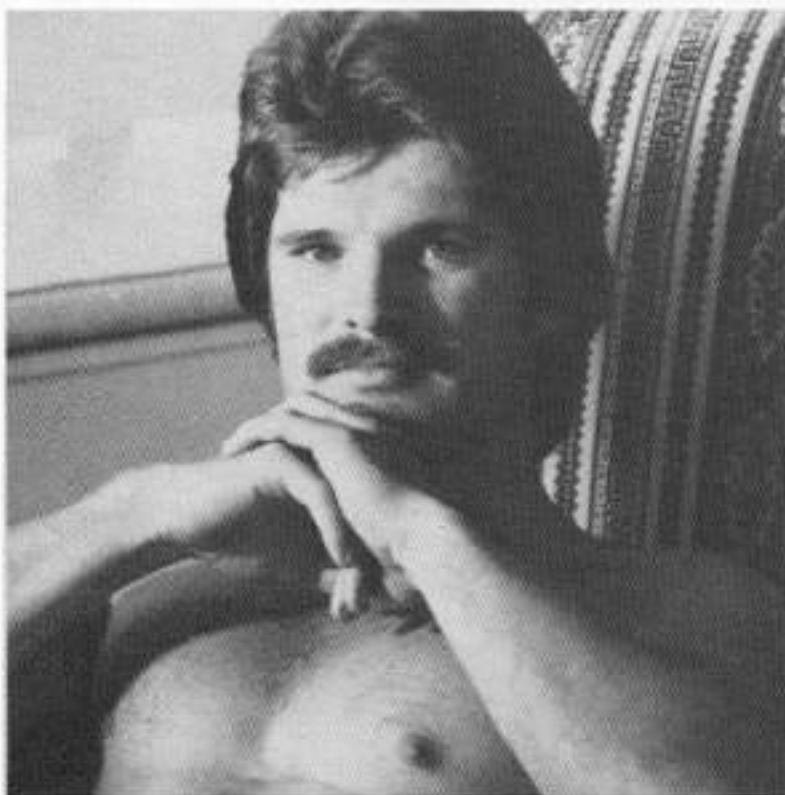
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